Collated & Perfect. J.D.K. 1797.

Love without Interest:

OR,

The Man too hard for the Master.

A

COMEDY.

As it was Acted at the

Theatre Royal,

BY

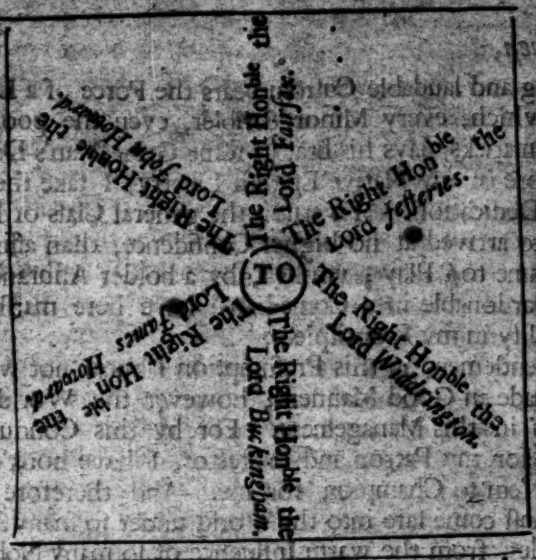
His Majesty's SERVANTS.

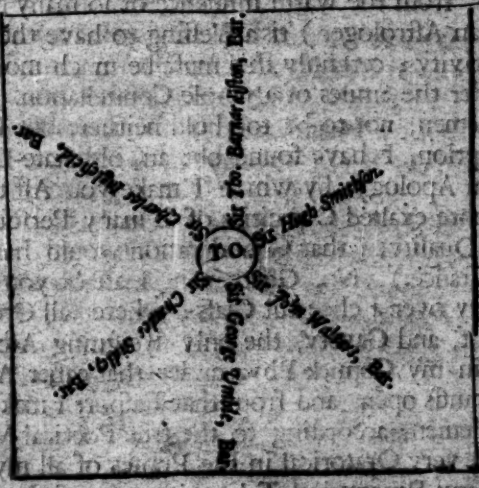
Fallite fallentes ex magna parte profanum,
Sunt genus in laqueos quos posuere cadant.
Ovid de Art. Amand. lib. 1.

First Edition.

LONDON,
Printed for *Arthur Bettesworth*, at the *Red Lion* on *London-Bridge*; and *Richard Ellison*, at the *Eagle and Child* in the *Pell-Mell*, 1699.

The Right Honble the Lord Fairfax.





The Right Honble the Lord Jefferies.

The Right Honble the Lord Widdrington.

The Right Honble the Lord Buckingham.

The Right Honble the Lord James Howard.

The Right Honble the Lord John Howard.

TO

Sir Tho. Barnardiston, Bar.

Sir Hugh Smithson.

Sir John Walters, Bar.

Sir George Umble, Bar.

Sir Charles Sidley, Bar.

Sir Charles Inglefield, Bar.

TO

To { Nahaniel Barnardiston, Tho. Bull, —— Buller, Capt. Buller, —— Coventry, Capt. Campthorne, Ellis Crisp, John Hilyard, James Jervas, Richard Lawley, Ralph Lee, Richard Litton, } Esquires.

Richard Mushell, Luke Norton, Peter Pheasant, John Pitt, Colonel Rumball, John Roper, John Sawrell, Simon Scroop, Washington Shepley, Paris Slater, Charles Tryon, Edward Watson, } Esquires.

Gentlemen,

AS long and laudable Cuſtom bears the Force of a Law, by virtue of which, every Minor Scribler, even the pooreſt Dabler in Dramaticks, lays his Brat at ſome Great Man's Door: In Challenge therefore of my Native Engliſh Liberty, I take the Privilege of this preſent Dedication. 'Tis true, the general Claſs of Paper-dawbers have hitherto arrived at no higher Confidence, than affixing ſome ſingle Great Name to a Play; whilſt I, by a bolder Aſſurance (poſſibly a little more pardonable in a Comedian) have here marſhall'd a whole Roll of Quality in my Frontiſpiece.

Truly, Gentlemen, in this Preſumption I know not what Treſpaſs I may have made in Good Manners; however the World muſt juſtifie my Politicks in this Management. For by this Conduct, inſtead of one worthy for my Patron and Protector, I have hook'd in a whole Battalion of 'em to Champion for me. And therefore undoubtedly this Piece muſt come ſafe into the World under ſo many Shields of Honour. Beſides, from the warm Influence of ſo many Noble Patrons, if (to ſpeak like an Aſtrologer) 'tis a Bleſſing to have the Aſpect of a kind Star at our Nativity; certainly this muſt be much more happy to peep into Light under the Smiles of a whole Conſtellation.

Nay, Gentlemen, not to be too bold neither, but a little to extenuate my Preſumption, I have found out an old State-Diſtinction for a very ſubſtantial Apology, by which I make you All this Preſent, *viz.* Not in your more exalted Capacities of ſo many Perſons of the higheſt Character and Quality, (that Conſideration would have kept me at a more awful Diſtance.) No, Gentlemen, I attack you only as an Honourable Society over a cheerful Glaſs; where, all Greatneſs laid aſide, and Mirth, Wit, and Gayety, the only Reigning Aſcendants amongſt You, I thruſt in my Comick Phyz under that eaſier Acceſs: The Hoſpitable Door ſtands open, and from that Paſport I make my Intruſion.

Now, Gentlemen, according to the true Poetical Mode of Dedications, I ſhall be very Oratorical in the Praiſes of all my Noble Patrons: But, truly, as my Panegyrical Talent is none of the beſt; and to do Juſtice to ſo fair a Liſt of Honour, in an Encomium upon all and ſingular Your ſelect Characters and Vertues, is a Work beyond my reach: Nay, and what's another great Argument for my Silence upon that Subject, *viz.* That ſo large a Theme before me would out-ſwell the Bulk of an Epiſtle Dedicatory, and conſequently (as my Bookſeller tells me) make my Portico bigger than my Houſe. I ſhall therefore ſhorten that part of my Dedication, and come to a nearer matter in hand, (which

is

is) the Merits of the Play. The Merits of the Play!—— Hold a little—— Whereabonts do they lie?—— Merits! Yes positively Merits, and very considerable ones. For look ye, Sirs—— St. *George* was the Patron of *England*. (Right.) And he made it a peculiar Point of Honour and Gallantry to take the Weaker Side. (Right agen!) Now as 'tis the Top-Glory of every Heroick English Great Soul, to follow their own leading British Worthy, and copy from so famous an Original. *Ergo*, The Weakness of my Muse gives her a justifiable Title to Your Noble and Generous Patronage; and from that Desert she claims Your Protection. Besides, when your Great and Celebrated Authors Dedicate an *OEdipus*, an *Alexander*, or a *Mourning Bride*, or any of those Gigantick Offspings of the Muses; methinks, in those *Atlas* Piles of Wit and Heroicks, they overload their Patrons with the Present they make them. It looks as if a Gardner should send you the whole Cargo of a *May*-morning Market in *Covent-Garden* (enough to stifle you with Sweets) when, in my simple Judgment, 'tis much better (a lighter and easier Nosegay) to present you with a Pink or a Rose-bud, as I do.

As to the but indifferent Success and Reception of this short-liv'd Play, (not to want a Crutch for a Cripple) I must take the modish way of imputing it to Misfortune. Its being hurried up a little too hastily, made it appear to some Disadvantage in the Performance. It is enough to disparage the Good Ayer and Charms even of the Beaus themselves, to appear in too rude a Dishabilee.

With all this Plea for my Introduction to Your Good Graces; now, Gentlemen, if, at your next Full House at the *Rose*, you shall generously please to pass an *Affirmative Vote* in my Favour; or, what's more generous, to carry it with a *Nemine Contradicente*; then (to boast no more of my own) the Merit shall be all of Your side; and I shall, in all Duty bound, ever subscribe my self,

Gentlemen,

Your most Obliged, and most

Devoted Servant,

Will. Penkethman.

PROLOGUE. Spoke by *Jo. Hains.*

IF any here dares cry My Prologue down,
Henceforth I'll not allow one Wit i'th' Town:
As Houſes, haunted with Ill Spirits, are
All Noiſe and Lies, ſuch is our Theatre;
Ye talk of Wits, the Devil of Wit is here.
Wherefore, to let you know,
What Wit is not, I think can't be amiſs;
For no Man here, I'm ſure, knows what it is.
Firſt then,
Wit is no Scarf upon Fantaſtick Hips,
Nor an affected Cringe t'approach the Lips:
'Tis not I-Gad! O Lord! or, Let me Die!
Nor is it, Dam me, ye Son of a Whore, ye Lie.
'Tis not to tell how lewd ye were laſt Night,
What Watches, Wenches, Windows felt your Spight:
Nor is it an Abuſive Epilogue,
Nor being Drunk, and cry, More Wine, ye Dog.
'Tis not your Tradeſman's Wit that makes him Great:
'Tis a compendious way to Live, and Cheat;
'Nor is it Wit that makes your Lawyer priz'd,
His dagled Gown, his Knavery in Diſguiſe,
To pluck down Honeſt Men, that he may riſe.
Nor is't pert Phillis's *Wit that does prevail;*
'Tis not her Tongue ſhe lives by, 'tis her Tail.
'Tis not your Scholar, Traveller, nor Mathematician,
Poet, nor Player, and Faith 'tis no Phyſician;
Were I now Clapt, I were in a ſweet Condition.
'Tis none of theſe, that ſingly Wit can be,
But all in one Man meeting's Wit—— that Me.

PROLOGUE. *Deſign'd to have been Spoken by Mr.* Powel.

OF all the Fates attend a Mortal State,
A Poet's ſure the moſt unfortunate.
Vintners and Cooks th' Advantage have o'th' Bays;
Wines and Ragouſts as various for to pleaſe,
As are the Gueſts they treat: He but a Plate
Before a ſqueamiſh Theatre to ſet.
What, tho' in that two grand Ingredients meet,
The Piquant duely mingled with the Sweet:

A Jeſt to Gravity is but a Clinch,
And the gall'd Aſſes touch'd ne'er fail to winch:
Should he purſue the ends of thoſe that write,
Inſtruct the Mind, the Senſes to delight:
Yet to your Grand Engroſſers of all Reaſon,
Mirth is but vile, and Morals out of Seaſon.
If like a Load'n Bee, 'mongſt Mountain-tops he flies,
Like hers his Wings are ſnapt, like her oppreſs'd he dies.
A creeping Stile provokes Sarcaſtick Scorns,
Then poor Poetick Snail plucks in his Horns:
A moderate rate's inſipid too, for then
The Poet moves but juſt like other Men.
Thus high or low, quick, ſlow, ne'er out of ſight,
Poor Poetaſter ſeldom's in the right,
The Stragler's damn'd for wandring in the Night.
Led by you, Stars, the Poet bids me ſay, [To the Boxes.
He thinks h' has ſtumbled on the milky way;
Diſintereſs'd Love, Sincere, Refin'd, and Pure,
From Sordid Selfiſhneſs, from Droſs of Ore,
There for a ſpace he hopes to find a Friend;
Few Nights conducts him to his Journey's end:
Then dart your Rays, the Poet's ſure of this,
That Serpents Planet-ſtruck want Power to hiſs.

EPILOGUE. Spoken by Mr. *Penkethman*, Entring weeping, with a Haltar about his Neck, all in White, and a Noſegay in his Hand.

COller'd in Hemp, hanging ripe through Deſpair,
I come to ſay my Execution Prayer.
The Crime that puts me in this Fit of Quaking,
Was turning Fool, and gravely undertaking
To put that Coin upon you, which the ſnarling
Scribler that gave it me, ſaid, Was not Sterling.
And ſince ſad Plays with beſt Succeſs are bleſt,
To make this Play as bad as moſt o'th' reſt,
I'll make this Diſmal End, that all may ſee
Will Pinkethman *can Act a Tragedy.*
May Ladies, Gentlemen, and all that come
Upon my Day (d' ye ſee) want Elbow-room;
May Beaus have many Ladies to admire 'em,
And may the Masks prove kind as they deſire 'em:
May every Female caſt ſoft Looks upon 'em,
Taylors and Perriwig-makers never dun 'em.
But hold, to make an end of my Haranguing,
Since Company's ne're wanting at a Hanging.
A Lucky Thought has chang'd my Reſolution,
Till my own Day I'll put off Execution.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

	MEN.	By
Wildman,	A Spark of the Town, whose Estate Sir *Fickle* has in Mortgage, Suitor to *Letitia*.	Mr. *Powell*.
Trulove,	A Noble-minded Generous Gentleman, but of a slender Fortune; in Love with *Honoria*.	Mr. *Mills*.
Sir *Fickle Cheat*.	A Cheating, Amorous, Inconstant, Ridiculous Old Citizen.	Mr. *Bullock*.
Jonathan,	A sly Rogue his Man, but very bold with his Master; in League with *Jenny*.	Mr. *Penkethman*
Wrangle,	A passionate News-talker, a great Pretender to Learning; one that carries all by hard Words misapply'd.	Mr. *Johnson*.
Soberside,	His Counterpeice, a Formal, Magisterial sort of a Man, and a pretended Sceptick.	Mr. *Newth*.
Lurcher,	Servant to *Wildman*.	Mr. *Kent*.

	WOMEN.	
Eugenia,	A cunning Jilt kept by *Wildman*, whom he topps upon Sir *Fickle*.	Mrs. *Keni*.
Letitia,	A Buxom, Witty, Airy Lady, Niece to *Fickle*, secretly in Love with *Wildman*.	Mrs. *Verbruggen*.
Honoria,	A Lady of a Mild and Honourable Disposition, her Sister, in Love with *Trulove*.	Mrs. *Rogers*.
Jenny.	Maid to both.	Mrs. *Wilkins*.

Musick, Dancers, Bayliffs, *&c.*

Love without Intereſt:

OR,

The Man too hard for the Maſter.

ACT I. SCENE Wildman's *Lodgings.*

Enter Wildman, Eugenia *following him fawningly.*

Wild. NAY, prithee, Girl, retire and leave me; thou e'en cloy'ſt me with thy Kindneſs, by my Life.

Eug. Hold, Sir; your Oaths are as unſeaſonable as your Words unneceſſary; I can as well believe you without the one, as by the Coldneſs of your Mien gueſs at the other. But you Sparks of the Town uſe us as you do your Hacks, ride us till you tire or gall, then turn us looſe on the Common.

Wild. And reaſon good, Girl; your true Punk, like your Bird of Prey, pines if confin'd; but at Liberty ſhifts for its ſelf, and thrives on't.

Eug. By my Injuries, rather than thus be the ſlighted Subject of your nauſeous Rallery, I'll truſt to Chance, and venture on my own bottom.

Wild. Th' Adventure's ſmall, if any; for you Limberhamm'd Ladies have this of certainty with the Dice, Caſt ye as we pleaſe, Cube-like, you'll be ſure to fall plum on your bottoms, as you call 'em. Well, Wench, Rallery apart then; it ſhall go very hard, if I find not ſome Cully or other to top thee on: In the Interim, I muſt go viſit old *Fickle*, leſt he ſhould me; which if he does firſt, he's eldeſt hand, and then ten to one but he beats me out of my little tho' laſt remaining Stake.

Enter Lurcher.

Lurch. Sir, Here's Sir *Fickle Cheat* deſires to ſpeak with you.

Wild. Sir *Fickle*? *Lurch.* Yes, Sir.

Wild. The *Parthean* Golden Cordial throttle him! Didſt tell him I was within?

Lurch. Yes, Sir; you left no Orders to the contrary.

Wild. Pox o' my Improvidence! But ſhew him up. [*Exit* Lurch.] Well, what's ſaid in jeſt of the Devil, I ſee, is literally true of theſe griping Citizens, no ſooner ſpoken of but they appear.

Eug. Nay, I'll be sworn, they never want your good Word: I wonder at you thus to abuse Men.

Wild. Men! Monsters rather. Why, I tell thee, Girl, they're such Animals, that were *Aristotle* alive again, the Impossibility of comprehending their Natures, would make him duck himself a second time in *Fleet-ditch*, as he did before in *Euripus*, for a far less Difficulty in my Mind, Faith.

Eug. So that I must not ask you to———

Wild. Define 'em! No. To describe 'em you may, and that too's intricate enough: For you must know there's as great a difference 'twixt heard and heard in the City, as there is in the Forest. But your common Breed are a sort of Stag-headed, Hen-hearted, Harpy-claw'd Animals.

Eug. A pretty kind of Description truly. But Sir *Fickle*, is he of this kind?

Wild. No, nor of any else, Faith; he's an unnatural kind of a Mongrel: For tho he be a Calf of Sixty odd, he's not so much as Velvet-headed yet: If he had, 'tis such a Rascal, he should have been fray'd, burnish'd, and full-fumm'd I'faith, before this: I would have taken that Care of his Advancement. So——

Enter Fickle, Jonathan *behind him*; Wild. *runs and embraces Sir* Fickle. Sir *Fickle Cheat!* The welcomest Man alive! You've spar'd me some Pains; for, as you see, I'd just made ready to wait on you, that we might adjust Affairs between us.

Tick. Why truly, not to lie, as a Man may say, Sir, that was my Business, and the main End of my Visit; for I should be very glad to make an end——

Wild. aside.] Of my Estate, I thank him.

Fick. For Money's so rare, and Occasions so pressing——— In a word, we have have paid so much for our Religion and Liberty———

Wild. That, Thanks to our Fighting Peace-makers, or we'd been forc'd shortly to sell both to preserve our Property.

Fick. Right, Sir; and therefore I must desire you, with all speed, to pay back my Money, your Indentures, scotcht, notcht, and in *Statu quo*, as a Man may say, shall be forth-coming.

Wild. Sir, you're the Winner, and so may please to jest; but my Necessities are so earnest, that I must entreat a present Supply of a Thousand Pound more, and then you may be in a fair way to see an end, as you desire.

Fick. A Thousand Pound! A Thousand Pound! And ready Money too! O Lord, O Lord! Why, 'tis more than *Cathagena* and the *Spanish Flota* can produce. Besides, Sir, upon mature Consideration, I find that I have lent you more in Mortgage than the Purchase of the Inheritance is worth; you've bit me, you Wag; you have, I'faith.

Wild. aside.] Would I had, I'd have lost my Teeth 'fore I'd have left my hold, damn'd Jew. [*To* Fickle. Why, you won't thus laugh at my Necessity. 'Slife, Sir, I'm on the point of marrying a Fortune, capable both to redeem and to add to my Estate; 'tis but a little Money to squander amongst her Servants (as the Custom is, you know) and swup, I lick her up as you do a Race of Ginger fatting. [Jonath. *makes Signs to* Wild.

Fickle aside.] Will you so, you liquorish Whoreson, you? Would the Tongue of you were our——— Why, this is one of the Devil's ordinary Capricho's, rides us on the Spur to Mischief, and flounce leaves us stuck in the Mire. What a Plot's here lost! Broke like a Roost-Egg, just when 'twas going to be hatch'd. Hang't,

Hang't, I'll try however: If it don't ſerve me this way, it may another: He'll think I love him, and then I'm ſure to trick him.

Wild. How now? What, muſing Man? Ha!——

Fick. A little, Sir; I was caſting about to ſerve you.

Wild. Were your Will but equal to your Abilities, there would need no great muſing in the matter.

Fick. O Lord, Sir, were but my Abilities equal to my Will, the matter ſhould not ſo long lag A-ſtern——— But to ſhew you, Sir, how much I tender your Welfare, I've a Crotchet juſt now come into my Head, might poſſibly be as advantagious to you, as what you juſt now was mentioning. But ſeeing———

Wild. Come, prithee, no Seeing in the Caſe, but Hearing: Come, quickly, dear Dog, open.

Jon. aſide to Wild. O never fear, Sir; he's a ſtaunch Hound, I'll warrant him, and on a hot Scent that you know.

Fick. A little Patience, good Sir; let me but conſider a while.

Wild. Pox of Conſideration, that Couſin-German to Cowardiſe. Conſideration, quotha! Why, what Countryman are you?

Fick. Countryman! Why, a Cockney.

Wild. A Cockney, and conſider! Ha, ha, ha; come, quick, quick, mouth it Cit-like.

Fick. Why then, in three words: You know my Niece *Lettice*, take her and your Eſtate back; and beſides—— [*ſpying* Eugenia] But I cry mercy; for I ſee, as you was ſaying, you're already better provided. *To Eug.*] O Lord, Madam, I beg you a thouſand Pardons for hindering you of your Chapman; but in the City, Foreſtallers, as a Man may ſay, find but little Encouragement. Once more a thouſand Pardons, fair Lady, indeed la——

Eug. An unwilling and harmleſs Miſtake needs none.

Fick. O Lord, Madam; O Lord, Mr. *Wildman*; what harm, pray now? What Miſtake?

Wild. None of moment, Sir; for the Lady's too nearly related to me to be what you imagine. Her Father lately dead, left her to my Charge, with Virtue the chief part of her Fortune, which to preſerve, as well as charm her Cares, not knowing of a Family more honourable than yours, thether I was leading her, in order to crave Admittance. *Aſide to* Eug.] Now Girl.

Eug. Is this the worthy Knight, in whoſe Praiſe you were ſpeaking of, Couſin?

Jon. Yes, Madam; he is a Knight, worthy [*aſide*] to be Shoulder-ſlipt, with a Horſe-pox.

Fick. Yes, and pleaſe your Dainty Face, as a Man may ſay, I am a Knight, and Common-Council-man of the City of *London*. I live in the City, where my Houſe would be very much honour'd and ſweetned, as a Man may ſay, with your double-refin'd Preſence.

Fick. to Wild. Ah, were I but of your Years, I ſhould tell her more of my Mind: But I'm old, old———

Wild. claps him on the Back. Heart of Oak, I'll warrant thee.

Fick. ſtrutting. Hum, hum.

Jon. aſide. In the Name of Emptineſs, how like a rotten hollow Hogſhead he ſounds; would I had the hooping of him.

Wild. Well, Sir, your Proffer is ſo obliging, 'twere Incivility to refuſe, and inconvenient to defer it. Pleaſe to repoſe your ſelf a moment, we'll wait on you immediately. [*Exeunt* Fickle *and* Jon.

Now, Wench, what think'ſt of this ſame Beaſt? Would he not ſerve well enough to wear the Horns? A pair of well-ſpread Antlers, methinks, would ſuit incomparably well with his Jobbernol.

Eug. Or if they won't, 'tis no great matter. Would I had him, he ſhould have Choice enough, if that would but content him.

Wild. A very virtuous Reſolution, truly.

Eug. Tell me not of Virtue; what's Virtue?

Wild. Hum; why, Faith, it has been laid aſide ſo long by the Commonalty, that now they ſcarce know what to make on't: But your Politicians uſe it now and then, as a Stalking-horſe, to pop down your over-grown Court Buſtards---- But your well-manag'd Diſſimulation———

Eug. Is a moſt faſhionable Beaſt; that I grant.

Wild. And a moſt ſerviceable one too, as the World goes. Now, whoever thinks to rub through without it, will be moſt plaguily harraſs'd before he comes to his Journey s end.

Eug. Or will ſpeed like a City-banker, with crackt Credit, and empty Coffers; ha, ha. Now I hope I pleaſe you.

Wild. Ay, any thing that diſpleaſes them does ſo: I've ſuch a Natural Antipathy againſt 'em, that it extends even to their Wives, which makes me ſo ſeldom lay in their Neſts. But to the Point; (for I'm yet as far from it, as a Parſon, whoſe Text is Obedience, and Sermon an Invective againſt Non-reſiſtance) I'd have you reduce theſe ſame Speculative Notions you have of that ſame neceſſary Implement Diſſimulation into Practice; for I'm miſtaken if you han't ſhortly occaſion to ſhew your Arts of Diſſimulation, the Raſcal did ſo eye thee.

Eug. O never fear: You will ſooner find a Woman without Pride than Hypocriſie and Diſſimulation. Why, 'tis our Sexes Talent, our Inſeparable Accident, our Feminine Philoſophers Stone, wherewith we convert you Men into Buzzards, from Buzzards to Owls, from Owls to Cookoos, and from Cookoos to———

Wild. clapping his Hand before her Mouth.] Hold, in the Name of *Cerberus*; by the *Egyptian Catadupes*, ſet but theſe Female Clacks a-going, and, troll, they run like the Wiſe Man of *Gotham*'s Cheeſes down hill.

Eug. Now by my Hopes, you're as impertinent as a French *Valet de Chambre*.

Wild. And by my Wiſhes, the Vanity of Ten truely Virtuous Women, make not the tenth part of one ſole Punk's, in the way of Preferment.

Eug. Nor do they, on the other ſide, poſſeſs the tenth part of thoſe Perfections.

Wild. Prithee make that appear, and I'll retract.

Eug. You ſhall: Be you the Doughty Knight, I the Lady fair; muſter up the whole Cargo of your Common-plac'd Courtſhip, if I don't out-do 'em at their own Weapon, may I lie Croſs-legg'd, Toe-ty'd, and Bed-rid all the Days of my Life.

Wild. Seeing's

Wild. Seeing's believing. A Match, I'faith. I begin. [*Bows.*] Think not that Impudence, Divine Beauty, or rather moſt beauteous Divinity, which is the Effect of All-conquering Love; that Love which ſcorns to be ty'd up to Time, but is no ſooner born than adult.

Eug. Ha, ha, ha.

Wild. How now? What out already.

Eug. Ay, out already! What, this the Preamble for a Citizen! Why, this is *Common-Garden* Cant, *tout pour.*

Wild. Why then in City Cant have at you. [*Lays by his Sword and Wig, and ſcrapes.*] Dainty-fac'd Lady, the Flames of your Beauty have ſo over-heated the yearning Intrails of my Affection, that they already begin to ſimmer within my Belly, as they were in a Stew-pan, whence through the Funnel of my Throat aſcend more Fumes, than from a Maſh-fat through the Stoke-hole of a Brew-houſe. Spare then the Bellows of your Diſdain, and uſe rather the Sprinkler of your Condeſcention; for if you continue to puff thus ſcornfully upon me, I ſwear by all the Stock in my Shop, Cellar, and Ware-houſe, my Heart, like a Shin of Beef in a Porridge-pot, will, in the Poaching of an Egg, be boil'd to Titters, la.

Eug. Alas, Sir, what ails you? Methinks I pity your Condition, tho' I underſtand not your meaning.

Wild. Ah, my ſweet Sugar-loaf, Words cannot expreſs it: A Sign indeed I have would ſoon make you conceive. [*Squeezing her Hand.*] Now do you?

Eug. Heaven knows, I wiſh I did.

Wild. Kiſſing her.] Nor yet?

Eug. Nor yet.

Wild. Ah the Devil! She'd have him ſhew it her down-right. [*Ruffles and kiſſes her.*] Then thus and thus. There's but one more that I know of, and its a pair of Queſtions whether he can make it.

Eug. Protect my Honour! A Man kiſs me. [*Shrieks out.*

Wild. How now! What the Devil's the matter? You'll raiſe the Houſe preſently. Pox of your crack'd Treble. So, here's Sir *Fickle* come to lend you a Hand, I'll retire. [*Retires, and liſtens.*

Enter Sir Fickle *and* Jonath. *who puts him by.*

Ambo. O Lord! What's the matter? What's the matter?

Eug. Bleſs me, Sir, I'm ſo frighten'd. Oh———

Wild. Aſide.] For a handſom come off, and I'll croſs the Cudgels: I'll interpoſe, and give her a Breathing-while. [*Enters.*] How now, Couſin; what, at the old Trade? What Whim now? 'Tis the frightfulleſt Creature———

Eug. Then why would you leave me alone ſo long?

Wild. Aſide.] Good.

Fick. But with what, i'th' the Name of Wonder?

Eug. Lord, Sir, methought———Hem, hem.

Wild. Igad, I'll never believe that Miracles are ceas'd, when I ſee a Woman in danger of being choak'd with a Lye. *To Eug.*] The ruffling of the Wind in your Window-Curtain; that's all, on my Life. *Aſide.*] Sure I'm the firſt Man that ever helpt Woman out with a Come-off.

Fick. Come, come, a Woman, and afraid of the ruffling of a Curtain.

Jan. Aside.] Or of any thing elſe, and you were the *Tom Bold* that blew in at her Window. She muſt cry out before ſhe's hurt.

Fick. Well, Madam, how is it now?

Eug. Somewhat better, Sir.

Fick. to Wild. Then, if you pleaſe, we two'll lead on the way;
If Fortune hits, this is our Lucky Day. [*Exeunt.*

Wild. following. True, you old Coxcomb; for if Fortune hit,
I'll ſettle *Fickle*, and croſs-bite the Cheat.
Let's in, and there conſult the ſureſt way
To trap this Fox; and, if I miſs my Aim,
Let Fortune, not my Care, receive the Blame. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Truelove *leading* Honoria.

Tru. By all thoſe Charms that captivate my Soul,
By the ſweet Torture of my longing Mind,
Explain this Riddle that confounds my Senſes:
Your Eyes, your Actions, nay, your Words ſpeak Love;
Yet when I preſs to ratify our Vows,
You bluſh, and ſigh, and weep me a Denial.
Can I give further Proofs of my Affection?

Hon. No, you're too generous to an injur'd Maid,
Whoſe only Portion's Miſery and Ruine;
Miſery ſo great, 't has left me void of means
To make you a return more ſuitable or juſt,
Than by refuſal: Heaven knows how dear it coſts me
To involve you in my Ruine.

Tru. Cruelly kind, I ſee, inſtead of valluing
The Generoſity you ſeem ſo much to prize;
You tax me with baſe Avarice,
Avarice worſe than Miſers,
Who, if preſented with a precious Jemm,
Would not ſtand gazing, if 'twere ſet in Gold,
But inſtantly with grateful thanks accepts it.

Hon. True, Sir; but mine is of ſo mean a Luſtre,
That by Poſſeſſion, when you've view'd it well,
Without a Foil, you'll ſcarce think it worth the wearing.

Tru. There you miſtake me, Dear; for by my Love,
A Heart, like yours, ſhews faireſt when unſet;
There's no Defect in that, no Fault, no Flaw,
No Blemiſh, that requires the Artiſts Hand to help it.

Hon. Thou more than Man,
Take all my Vows, with Heaven my Wiſhes ſhare;
But till that Heaven I daily do implore
Betters my Fate, I beg you'd preſs no more.

Tru. A laſting Shame on that Barbarians Hand,

Who from the Teeming Womb of's Mother Earth
First forc'd to light that glittering damning Pelf;
Money, the scorn of noble generous Minds,
The venom'd Hook that strikes inglorious Souls,
The petty Grain, which put i'th' guilty Scales,
Turns 'em 'gainst Virtue, Loyalty, and Honour;
And an Eternal Curse on him that rates
His Love so low, to barter it for Gold:
No, generous Love is like a matchless Pearl,
Not to be purchas'd by the massie Toy:
The like alone can make the just Exchange,
And the true Price of Love is only Love:
Mine you possess, with yours I think I'm blest;
Let not that Bliss destroy my Happiness.

Hon. Forbear to urge, but too too well belov'd,
This needless, fruitless, dismal Argument,
Your Words, your Deeds, have such a glorious Lustre,
They've quite amaz'd and dazled my weak Senses;
Yet while my Honour and Gratitude remain,
I'll still be just, still love, and still deny.

Enter Jinny.

Jinny. Oh Madam *Honoria*, I've been seeking you all the House over: Here's my Master has been babling for you this half hour: For my part, I believe he is running Mad, he keeps such a Quarter.

Hon. Why, what's the matter? Has he lost any Money lately?

Jinny. Not that I know of, Madam; but I'm mightily mistaken, or he has got a Mistress, and that may be as bad on all sides.

Hon. A Mistress!

Tru. Aside.] What disconsolate Scavingers Relict can this be?

Jinny. I think so, Madam; she came with Mr. *Wildman*; he calls her Cousin *Eugenia.*

Tru. Aside.] *Eugenia* and *Wildman* Cousins? I thought they had been nearer related.

Jenny. Lately come out of the Country, I vow, Madam: I dare lay my Maidenhead, if my Master holds on his rate, if she don't return very speedily, she's like to leave hers behind her, and follow the Example of her Predecessors.

Tru. Aside.] Gamester-like, would slur that off in a Bett, she's afraid won't pass currant in a Bargain.

Hon. Surely you surprize me?

Jinny. Nay, Madam, that's not all; there's Mr. *Wildman* e'en as sweet upon your Sister. I must confess she keeps him somewhat more at a distance, than t'other does my Master. Alas, these Country Ladies are the kindest Creatures———

Tru. Aloud.] Ha, ha, ha.

Hon. Bless me, Sir, whence this Alteration!

Tru. From that which will cause, if I mistake not, the like in you. But to your Post, and take this Word of Advice: Our Fortunes may in all probability depend.

depend on *Eugenia*; therefore use her with respect, promote your Uncle's Affection, and leave me alone for the rest.

For when a Miser once gives up his Heart,
With all the rest he easily does part.

Hon. My Obedience shall shew my Love: So Prosperity and my best Wishes attend you.

And to encourage you, and end our Strife,
Find me a Fortune, I'll find you a Wife.

[*Exit* Truelove. *As* Honoria *is going out,* *Enter* Letitia, *who stops her.*

Let. O Sister, I arrest you in the Name of *Cupid*: One moments Audience for Love's sake. I come from this same Master mine to be; you know who I mean, I see; prithee, what kind of Creature, what do'st think of him?

Hon. Mr. *Wildman*, I suppose, you mean.

Let. Ay, ay; who else coud'st imagin? But once more, What kind of Creature do'st take him to be?

Hon. Why, a Man; and if by the little Acquaintance I have with him I may guess, bating some Flights which Youth may excuse, and Slaunder encrease, except my *Trulove*, inferiour to few or none.

Let. Nay, as for that matter, I strongly suspect he's no Novice in the World. But, 'twixt you and I, I like a Journeyman ne'er the worse, for having serv'd a Prentiship to his Trade, so he but mind my Business when I take him to me, I shall ne'er fall a reaping up of old Trespasses done in Strangers Inclosures. As for your Comparison, Faith, you might have spar'd it; I think Mr. *Wildman* as good a Man as your *Trulove*, as you call him.

Hon. Prithee, why?

Let. somewhat hastily.] Prithee, why not?

Hon. Nay, no Passion, Sister; Sir *Novelty* says 'tis a Mortal Enemy to the Complexion. Let Reason take place; I'll give you these: First, Whether he loves you as my *Trulove* me, is a question———

Let. Which is more than I can resolve. However, if a Man be to be believ'd by his Words, he's not far short; and the hindmost Dog, you know, may chance to be first in with the Hare. As for my part, I love Mr. *Wildman* as well as you your *Trulove*; so you may tell him; if it be but neatly done, you'll pleasure me. However, I'm resolv'd to have a Course or two with him 'fore he snaps me up, an't be but to shew him the difference 'twixt my self and I know who; tho' perhaps he may have no great need of a Whet. But all's one, I'm resolv'd to venture my Maidenhead with my Affection, and go Supercargo of my own Goods.

Hon. Your Resolution shews your Discretion, and seems to me a happy Augury of our better Fortunes.

Fortune's a Goddess, scorns the limmed Slave,
But Loves, Caresses, Crowns the Soul that's brave. [*Exeunt omnes.*

The End of the First ACT.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Letitia, *followed by* Wildman.

Let. AND ſo as you was ſaying, you love me as——— How was't? Lord, what a treacherous Memory have I?

Wild. Then I'll repeat it Myriads of times; I love *Letitia* more than herſelf ſhe loves, than Zealots Paſſion, or Court Upſtarts Pride, than Engliſh———

Let. Beef.

Wild. Dutch———

Let. Brandy, or *Wildman* Flattery. Ha, ha, ha.

Wild. Now by your Beauteous Self, the greateſt Oath,
By that which knows the Candor of my Vows,
My Heart's too nobly plac'd, to entertain
So mean a Vice:
Cruſh'd as it is, and broken by your Scorn,
A truer yet ne'r Homage paid to Beauty,
Which if you thus go on, tho' then too late,
Perhaps you'll find to be but too too true:
Tho' Pardon deareſt Angel if I wiſh,
Rather belov'd, than for your Love to die:
Then when the Sand allotted for our Lives
Had been employed in Miracles of Love,
Wonders to moſt, Examples to the beſt,
With equal Pace we'll ſoar to th' Seat o'th' bleſt.
Embracing.] Our Souls thus link'd, we'd both together fly,
Lifting her up.] Cut through the Clouds, and———

Let. ſinging.] Hey boys up go we. [*Puſhing him rudely.*] Ha, ha, ha. Why, what Gallymaufry Stuff's this! I'd undertake a Journeyman Cobler courts not his Doxy half ſo ridiculouſly—— Why, what *Puddle-dock* Pettifogger gave you Advice thus to open your Caſe! Or how much Money and Time have you ſpent in muſtering up from the Refuſe and Scraps of Auxiliary Penny Pamphlets, this nauſeous Hodg-podg of Banter and Bombaſt!—— Ecud, it turns my Teeth an edge, worſe than the Filing of a Saw.

Wild. Madam, tho' my Deſerts merit not your Favour, yet my Civility may juſtly claim a Requital: Neither is my Perſon, if my Friends bely me not, ſo monſtrous ugly, as to turn the Stomach of a more queaſie Perſon than I take your Ladyſhip to be. Why, 'ſfoot, Madam, I'm a Man.

Let. So Madam *Eugenia* has partly inform'd me, or in Truth your Chattering would have made me ſomewhat dubious.

Wild. aſide.] A Whore! Fooliſh Whore! Fire and Brimſtone, ſhe lies!

Let. Froſt and Snow but ſhe does not; for 'tis to your ſelf I'm beholden for this double Diſcovery; the moſt ſhe gave me was indeed but a ſtrong Suſpicion, which you have more ſtrongly confirm'd: But tho' a Town Spark's Caſt-off be good enough for a Citizens Lady; yet her Keeper, I ſuppoſe, is too modeſt, after a Diſcovery, to intrude himſelf upon his Niece; which, as occaſion preſents, I ſhall acquaint him with. So, leaving you to your more ſerious Conſi-

deration, I remain in Expectation of a Second Meeting, yours, *Letitia.* Ha, ha, ha, ha. [*Exit laughing.*

Wild. Meet thee again! I'd rather meet my Great Grandmother's Ghoſt at Midnight in the bottom of a Cole-pit. What Wild-cats are theſe City Virginities! I'd undertake to lick a Bears Cubb into Shape, ſooner than to reclaim one of theſe Haggerds from their Quirks and Freeks, into a competency of Sobriety and good Manners. 'Sbud, is this the Quarry the Old Gentleman ſent me to truſs up! 'Tis well, for all her Levity, an ſhe been't too heavy for my Pounces. Or is not this ſome Trick of his to ſtave me off my pretended Fortune, and in the Interim to ruine what little Real yet remains. There's it; confound his *Macchiavillian* Curſhip: There's it. Hum; here he comes; the Simile holds true.

Enter Sir Fickle.

Fick. Soh, my Merchant-Venturer to the Land of Love: What Chear, Man, hah! What, art in the Road? Art making the Haven? Hey, boy!

Wild. Softly, ſoftly, Sir; tho' you may be ready to put into Port, I'm not put out yet; for tho' the Moon be at Full, I can't gueſs when the Tide will ſerve.

Fick. Nay, Pox, an you'll not weigh Anchor, whoſe Fault is't?

Wild. 'Twas done, Sir; and Sails hoiſt, and juſt as I was launching into the Main, I met with ſuch a Vengeance Mackarel-gale, 'twas a Mercy I was not over-ſett: Of ſplitting I think there was no great Danger; I was kept too far off Shore for that, Faith.

Fick. You talk Riddles, Man; prithee explain.

Wild. Why then to be ſhort; I made my Addreſſes with all poſſible Civility, ſhe with more Coolneſs, nay, Rallery, received 'em: I complain'd, and ſhe, I thank her, gave me ſome ſmall Reaſon.

Fick. As how, Man; as how?

Wild. puſhing him.] As thus Man, as thus; and a Wonder too I ſcap'd ſo: For my part, I expected no leſs than a Black and Blew Suit of Second Mourning.

Fick. A Suit of Second Mourning, quotha; ha, ha, ha. Pho, Pox; you know Women at firſt are always ſhy of their Favours.

Wild. Hum; 'tis not her Shyneſs I complain of.

Fick. Oh, oh, I thought———

Wild. The matter's not great; a Claw or two on the Noſe, as I take it, and a broken Pair of Shins.

Fick. Ha, ha, ha; a broken pair of Shins, ha, ha. Why, what a Devil—— ha, ha? Have you been at Football, ha, ha, ha?

Wild. Aſide.] Theſe are the Fruits of Hyperbolical Exaggeration; it creates Laughter where we intend it to promote Pity. *To* Fick.] Grammercy Dad to be, I'm glad to ſee you in ſo good a Humour: I perceiv'd you were in a merry Vein, and was willing to promote it; for, in reality, things were not quite ſo bad; but, Faith, 'twixt you and I, I deſpair of carrying the Town; my Ogling Shots almoſt ſpent, and not one of 'em has ſo much as reach'd the Outworks; and the Train of Bombaſtick Similes and Proteſtations I brought with me to the Siege is too weak to make any reaſonable Breach; ſo that if you don't reinforce, I muſt e'en pack up Bag and Baggage, and march off whilſt

I may, leſt ſhe ſhould fall upon my Reer and rout it, as ſhe has already diſorder'd the Van.

Fick. Heighty tity! What a Riſe is here from breaking of Shins to taking of Towns! Ha, ha. Come, Courage, Boy; t'other Attack: If thou carry'ſt her not, I will for thee, grate me like a Nutmeg, ha, ha. If thou ſucceedeſt not by Storm, I'll cut off Proviſion, and ſha't do't by Famine, *Wildman*, or No Man 's the Word.

Wild. Well, Sir, for once I'll venture to follow your Advice: Good Aſſurance boggles not at the firſt Refuſal; and, Thanks to my Stars, of that I'm pretty well provided.

Once more at all; and if ſhe fails me twice,
Modeſty's Virtue, Impudence a Vice. [*Exit.*

Fickle *Solus.*

Fick. Send thee good Luck, Boy, or ſomebody'll ſmart for't, I feel that already. Why what a Gypſie Minks is this! She has wearied me out ever ſince ſhe came into her Teens; nay, even with Threats compell'd me to procure a Husband for her; and now I have don't, ſhe flies off. What a Pox can be the Reaſon of it! 'Sbud, he's handſom enough, and will be rich enough too for a Gentleman. What elſe would ſhe have? Unleſs the Devil has play'd Booty, and given her t'other *Item* of her concealed Fortune; which, if ſhe e'er gets into her Clutches, ſhe'll mount and ſhine like a Kite, with a Paper Lanthorn at the Tail on't: But I've a Trick, I think, to cheat the Devil himſelf; for the Devil's in the Devil, if he once imagins a Citizens Foreman ſhould be true to his Maſter.

Enter Jonathan.

Jon. Lord, Sir, what do you mean to tarry thus mumping and maundring to your ſelf! Why, here's my Lord Mayor's Muſick come this half hour; unleſs you'll give 'em Employment, they'll get ſo drunk, they'll be for playing on more Inſtruments than you imagin. Then there's the Cook ſmoaking like a Paſty, and ſwearing by his Chopping-block, unleſs you make haſte, the Dinner won't be worth a Fig, Sir?

Fick. Let 'em drink and ſwear on; I've more Care and Buſineſs than they. *Wheedlingly.*] *Jonathan.*

Jon. mocking.] Right Renowned and thrice Honourable Sir *Fickle*,
The Proſpect of Dinner does my Fancy ſo tickle;
That no more than a Calves-head ſhall I here what you ſay, Sir;
Therefore ſtay till I've Din'd, and therefore pray come away, Sir. [*Pulling him.*

Fick. I ſee Hunger ſharpens Wits as well as Appetites; the Fear of it has had the ſame Effect on me.

Jon. Fear of what! Your Miſtreſs?

Fick. No, no.

Jon. Why, I know that well enough; never fear her, Sir; ſhe loves you, in my Conſcience, I believe.

Fick. Nay, prithee hear me; thou knowe'ſt how that Devil *Lettice* has been continually at me for a Husband———

Jon. Pho! Why I know that too: And had I not been faithful *Jonathan*, ſhe had been fitted e're now. She knows how to chuſe, tho' I ſay it as ſhou'd not. But———

Fick. Nay, prithee, Patience.

Jon. Quick, quick then, Sir; this ſame buſineſs is the damnd'ſt Enemy to a Hungry Stomach——

Fick. Why then thou knoweſt with what Care I've ſought her out one; nay, with what Coſt ——

Jon. Ay, ay, Coſt enough; 'fore I'd have ventur'd ſo much on e're a skittiſh Jades Head in the Town, I'd ſee her both hang'd and drown'd.

Fick. Hang'd and drown'd too! How's that?

Jon. Why her Heels on a Hedge, and her Head in a Ditch. Come budge, budge, Sir; my Gurs grumble moſt horribly for Ammunition: An I don't pacify 'em ſpeedily, they'll be in an Uproar. Come pray, Sir, be jogging.

Fick. Then, ſhortly, thus: Whence her Diſdain to *Wildman* ſprings I can't imagin, unleſs ſhe be in Scent of her Fortune.

Jon. Ay, Pox, theſe Gilflirts have Noſes like Northern Hounds: But if I was you, I'd Law her—— She might hit on the Scent, but I'd ſpoil her for e'er coming up with the Game.

Fick. That, were it feaſible, would help little; for when Women are once in Scent of their Fortunes or Gallants, cut off their Legs, they'll hobble after 'em on their Stumps. No, I've a better Method for that; I'll make her beat Counter, and then I ſhall be pretty ſafe: I'll commit the Writings to thy Charge, and then I'll ſwear in all the Courts of Chriſtendom, I know nothing of the matter; if that will but content her.

Jon. Ay, ay, Sir; that you may do both with Safety and Honour; for tho' down-right Perjury may cauſe loſs of Leather and Reputation, yet a handſom Evaſion was always allow'd of as a Mark of Ingenuity.

Fick. Here, take my Keys. [*Gives them.*] And do'ſt hear? Be vigilant.

Jon. Oh, Sir, as the Dragon in the Story o're the Golden Pippins. Vigilant! Why, I ſhan't ſleep a Wink while I have 'em [*Aſide.*] for Joy.

Fick. We'll remove all ſecretly and ſecurely, whilſt I in and make 'em pay the Pipers.

And to my laſting Praiſe it ſhall be ſaid
A Man was once too many for two Maids. [*Exit.*

Jonathan *Solus.*

Why now Sir *Fickle*, you'd think it a plaguy Diſaſter,
If the Man ſhould chance to be too hard for the Maſter.

There's Rhime for Rhime; and if I don't ſhew you Trick for Trick, may I be thought as great an Aſs as your Worſhip—— Why, what an Antichriſtian Dog is this Maſter mine, to abuſe poor Girls thus: 'Fore *George* I cou'd almoſt pity 'em my ſelf. Nay, were I ſure of a Recompence for my Honeſty, I ſhould moſt certainly make a Scruple of Conſcience to be acceſſory to this ſame piece of Knavery. Well, I'll to *Jinny*, and feel her Pulſe; let her ſound her Miſtreſſes Inclinations; for I've ſo much Senſe of Honour, as not to turn Knave but upon a Vantage. ——So, here they come, Fox and Pack, I'faith. O Fox, O Joler, O Damſel, O Lightfoot; A Boy, a Boy, a Boy. [*Exit.*

Enter Fick. *and* Eug. Wildman *and* Let. Honoria.

Fick. Come Madam, come Nieces, Gentlemen Fidlers, I beg your Pardon. Come, let's ſee what Entertainment you have for this Lady. Madam *Eugenia*, you're Miſtreſs of all here. Pray do the Honours of the Houſe, it may be your

own another Day, or to Night either; the ſooner the better, ſay I.

Eug. Aſide.] And I.

Fick. Come, hang Civility: Sit down, ſit down. [*Puſhing 'em on their Seats.*

Enter Jonath. *who nods at* Fickle.

Jon. ſitting on the Ground.] Take your Places, take your Places, Gentiles; ſhow, ſhow there. Pray Gentlemen, diſpatch. *Aſide.*] Box of this ſcraping afore Dinner, it ſerves only to ſet People's Teeth an edge, and ſpoil their Stomachs: Gout and Palſie light on their mangy Fingers! Would they had done.

An Entertainment of Muſick. A Sonato.

Fick. Sweetly tweedled, I'faith. Now for a Song.

Jon. Aſide.] A Song! Oh my Guts.

Fick. Madam *Eugenia*, you, I know, are good at it.

Eug. Excuſe me, Sir; our Country Breeding affords but homely Muſick; beſides, my Heart's too heavy to——

Fick. Ay, ay, theſe Maidenheads are great Burthens, *Lettice.* I know that by Experience. I bore mine about me for Thirty Years and upwards, and when I got quit on't, methought I was ſo light, ſo eaſie——— Well, Madam, ſince you refuſe us the Happineſs of your Voice, I hope I may intreat that of your Company at Dinner.

Jon. riſing. There you hit the Point, Sir. The beſt way to lighten a poor Maidens Heart, is to fill her Belly. Go, pray Gentlemen, walk in, walk in.

Muſick. Sir, we can furniſh you with a very new one, ſo pleaſe you to hear it.

Fick. By all means. Come, tune your Trebles. [*In a Baſe Voice.* Toll, loll, loll.

Jon. to Muſick.] Frogs and Ravens cram the croaking Windpipe of thee. *To* Fickle.] Who he! Why, the neweſt Song he has is the Children in the Wood, or the *London* Prentice, or ſome ſuch like Ditty, ſet to the new Modiſh Tune of *Old Sir* Simon *the King.* But if you'll compound for a Ketch, I'll ſing you one of my Lord Mayor's going to *Pin-maker's-Hall*, to hear a Sniveling Non-Con Separatiſt Divide and Subdivide into the Two and Thirty Points of the Compaſs.

Wild. For the Honour of the City let's hear it———

SONG.

SHE that marries an Old Man, let this be her Care,
At Home as ſhe can, but Abroad well to fare:
For at Home tho ſhe chance to be but meanly bleſt,
Yet Abroad ſhe may find how to make up the reſt.

2.

If the Cuckold grow Jealous, let her ne're be diſmay'd,
But feign an Affection, that Paſſion is laid;
With him let her toy, kiſs, chuck, play the Fool;
The Receipt is approv'd by the beſt Modern School.

3.

If he ſtill be perverſe, and begin to conteſt,
Let her know that a ſurer yet lies in her Breaſt:
So ſure, it ne'er fail'd yet to give preſent Eaſe;
But kill him with Kindneſs, then do as you pleaſe.

Fick. Damn'd ſhrewd Council this! 'Tis well it is but Modern. Now will I be pounded to Pepper, if this ben't the Exhortation of ſome Badger-back'd Holder forth, that us'd to help theſe ravenous Wild-cats to a Bit abroad, as the Song ſays, they lik'd better than their ordinary Fare at home——— But enough and too much of that. Now had we a Dance, 'twould perfect the Buſineſs.

Jon. Aſide.] Hell take the Huntſman that———

Muſick. Oh, Sir, we'll help you out———

Job. dolefully.] Ah.

Muſick. On theſe occaſions we bring Inſtruments of all ſorts and ſexes, fit for this or any other Employmeut you can deſire.

Jon. to Muſick.] Hark you, Friend, have you ever a Black-pudding, Bacon-Hock, or any ſuch Inſtrument to employ my Grinders, my Belly moſt urgently deſires it; 'tis as empty as your Fiddle-caſe, by Famine.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha.

Muſick. Black-pudding! Why, do you take me for a Tripe-man?

Jon. Tripe-man! Why, what a pox, if you were a Gold-finder, you're good enough to make his Lordſhip a Crowdero. Why, what a Pox Goodman Catſguts and Horſe-hair is the matter with you, ha?

Wild. Ha, ha, ha. Prithee, *Jonathan*, three moments Patience, and then----

Jon. falling.] Here lies the Famiſh'd Object of your Inhuman Barbarity.

Aſide.] Three Moments.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha. Poor *Jonathan!* He was a very honeſt Fellow———

Fick. But of an inſatiate Appetite. He ſhou'd have been one of *Marriot*'s Baſtards by his eating.

Ambo. Ha, ha, ha.

Jon. Inſulting Dogs, thus to triumph over a Man in Miſery! But if I ben't reveng'd on you both, may I go to Bed faſting, and not ſo much as dream of Victuals till to morrow after Dinner.

A Dance. By Mr. *Eſſex* and Mrs. *Temple.*

Fick. So, ſo, curiouſly caper'd brave Boys, brave Boys all; adjourn to the Cellar or Kitchin till further occaſion.

Jon. looking up.] Ha! What's that? Cellar and Kitchin.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, they've ſerv'd Dinner upon Table.

Jon. ſtarting up.] Where, where, where? [*Running out*, Wildman *ſtops him.*] No pray, Sir; 'tis dangerous jeſting with edg'd Tools.

[*Pointing to his Teeth.*

Fick. Come then, Madam; come Mr. *Wildman. Lettice*, I think I need not deſire you; your late Exerciſe, I believe, has got you your Stomach.

Advance, I'll lead you on to try your Teeth
Upon a portly piece of Powder'd Beef.

Jon. Then there's ſome Hopes at laſt, as I'm a Sinner:
I thought he'd made all Dancing, and no Dinner. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT III. SCENE *Continues.*

Enter Jonathan *with a great piece of Bread in one Hand, and pulling in* Jinny *with the other.*

Jon. NAY, nay, never hang back for the matter, but come along. What, do'ſt think it reaſonable we two ſhould faſt, when all the reſt are a feaſting? If this be the Conſcience of a Chambermaid——

Jinny. And that the Faſting of a Foreman! Deliver us from a Conjunction! Bleſs me! Why, what have you got there? A Shoulder of Mutton?

Jon. biting and mumbling.] Pho, pox, no; this is but a Sippit i'th' Pan to ſtay my Stomach, till that Covey of Cormorants within will give me leave to feed to the purpoſe. But now I have ſo reliſhing a Bit before me, I may venture to leave this—— [*Puts it in his Pocket, and kiſſes her.*

Jinny. Stand off, Greaſie-chops, and find ſomewhat elſe to ſtay your Stomach with then——

Jon. What? Then a Chop of Mutton? Why, 'tis the Staple Diſh, the Cobler feeds as well on that as the Czar. Ah, a Hind-Quarter of Young Mutton for my Money.

Jinny. Ay, ay, for your Money, and enough too. I believe your whole Eſtate will ſcarce purchaſe the Carcaſe; but if ever you have me for better for worſe, ſuch courſe Fare as that will never ſerve turn.

Jon. 'Sfoot, what woud'ſt have? A Phœnix ſtew'd in Nectar, *Phenicoptero's* Tongues, *Ortolan's* Brains, or any ſuch Kickſhaw. Speak but the word there, thine.

Jinny. No, no; I have enough for one while, with your Chop of Mutton, as you call it.

Jon. A Chambermaid and ſatisfy'd! Nay, then Larks will be good cheap; but tho thou'rt ſo reaſonable, yet I'm bound in honour to——[*Offers to kiſs her.*

Jinny. Stand off, I ſay, Pepper and Ginger, or I'll call my Maſter, and have you infus'd in a Hog-trough, where you may cool your Courage as you feed to the purpoſe.

Jon. Why, you proud Minx; do you make a Bore of me?

Jinny. Why truly, your Snout and Grunting would ſomewhat incline me, did not your long Ears and ſhallow Brains convince me that you're of another Species.

Jon. Y'abuſive Jade, theſe Brains that you call ſhallow; ſhall, if you pleaſe, produce a Maſterpiece, and make thee ſhine in Silk and Sattin, *Jinny.*

I've had a Crop this day, let that ſuffice:
Thou'rt the poor Fool, I only rich and wiſe.

Jinny. O rare *Jonathan!*

Jon. O true Woman! Who for two or three Nonſenſical Bombaſtick gingling Rhimes, will beſtow on a grunting Swine-ſnouted, long-eard, ſhallow-brain'd Beaſt of a Beau, the Epithet to *Ben Johnſon.*

Jinny. Igad, an you go on at this rate, I ſhall rather eſteem you a Downright Wit, than a Citizen's Foreman.

Jon. T'other ſuch word, and Empires, they are thine. Hang petty Lordſhips, I'm for Kingdoms vaſt. I ſay, within this Pouch lie Keys that lock more Riches up, than *Cræſus* e're poſſeſs'd.

Jinny.

Finny Aside.] Gad, the Rogue's elevated; there muſt be ſomewhat in this—Pho, now you think to make a mighty Secret of what I know as well as your ſelf: But 'tis the Trick of your Sex to whiſper Proclamations.

Jon. And of yours to proclaim Secrets. Now will I be dock'd, if there ever was, is, or will be that *Arcana* in Nature, that you don't pretend to as full a Knowledge of, as any———

Jinny. Of you, and with as much Reaſon in my Mind.

Jon. Why there's the Buſineſs. Now will I work a Miracle, and convince you: Prithee tell me but one thing; it belongs to your Trade; ſo far I'll aſſure you *paravance*.

Jinny. Nay, if it belong to my Occupation, I can tell you twenty: What is't?

Jon. Why, the Shape and Size of Mother *Eve*'s green Apron.

Jinny. There, I muſt confeſs, you've puzled me.

Jon. Thy Ingenuity would almoſt make a Man ſuſpect thy Sex. Now will I ſhew you a Quaking Taylor here hard by, who, without Chalk or Yard, and only by his Inward Light, ſhall give you the Dimenſions of it with as great Expedition and Exactneſs, as if 'twere lying on his Shop-board before him: Or as you would do your own with your nimble Fingers and Picked Elbow there.

[*Meaſuring from his Fingers end to his Elbow.*

Jinny. Would I had a Glimpſe on't, that I might prye into this Myſtery you keep ſuch a Fuſs withall.

Jon. Confeſs and recant, and ſomewhat may be done.

Jinny. Well, I do my Preſumption; as for thy Secreſie, 'tis Woman-Proof, I acknowledge it.

Jon. Why then here ſtands honeſt *Jonathan* a Grocer's Foreman, that can boaſt of more than the French King and his whole Cabinet Council, who are all led by the Noſe by a She Bearward.

Jinny. Ay, ay; but prithee unravel what it is?

Jon. That that ſhall make thy Miſtreſſes to obtain,
Strive to out-vie thy Maſter in their Gifts:
Thus fix'd I'll ſtand, while they offer Gold by Pecks,
And unregarded ſlight 'em like———

Jinny. A Fool in Folio; would you not?

Jon. Aſide.] Gad, ſo I ſhould; the Jade's in the right on't. But this ſame High-flown Language is ſo pretty, it makes a Man ſo Heroick, ſo like a Player. As for Example now:

Huſſey, I ſay, your Miſtreſſes would not dare
T'affront me thus as you do, for their Ears.

Jinny Aſide.] My Miſtreſſes again! Igad I have it. Come, Faith, now I gueſs it; my Maſter has intruſted thee with ſomewhat.

Jon. With ſomewhat! Why, there are you as far out of the way again, as when you're mumbling your Prayers, and meditating of Miſchief———With ſomewhat, quotha! With all, I ſay; mark that: Once more I ſay, with all; and 'mongſt the reſt, with your Miſtreſſes Fortunes, their Father's Will and Teſtament, *cum multis aliis*, enough to bulge a Wheelbarrow. What ſay'ſt now, my *Preſter Joan*, ſhall I make my Words good, ha———Come, ſhall us to *Pontack*'s?

Jinny.

Jenny. And fling the Sop to the Fidlers

Jon. Agreed; there, Blind Harpers, tak't among you. But t'other Bite.

Jenny. Ay, twenty. Now if this be true, I'm thine as fast as Love can make me. [*Aside.* 'Tis good striking now the Iron's hot.

Jon. A Match, I faith; there's one.

Jenny. But, my dear *Jonathan*, thou must be honest tho'.

Jon. O ne'er fear that's my way: If the Ladies do but outbid my Master a Teaster, they shall e'en have 'em; I'll shew 'em I can be just—— But here a comes with a full Paunch, and empty Pate, the only two Distinctions 'twixt an *Amsterdam* Burgher and a Citizen of *London*.

Jenny. Then let's away, and remember not a Word by our Loves.

Jon. Oh, never fear; I shall find other Employment for my Tongue than tattling.

Enter Fickle, *and* Eugenia; Wildman, *and* Letitia; Honoria, *as from Dinner.*

Eugen. Sir, the Nobleness of your Entertainment has so far exceeded Thanks, 'twere vain to think of any other Return than that of admiring your Bounty.

Fickle, aside.] Poor Rogue! I warrant her Holiday Feast in the Country was but Bacon and Bagpudding at the best. [*To* Eug. Madam, the least of your Favours is a sufficient Reward; but Thanks is more than I deserve for this and better Entertainments I have in store for you.

Eugen. Sir, They are far too mean to offer to your Merits; I should think my self much indebted to Fortune, had she lent me any thing more worthy your Acceptance.

Wild, aside.] Good—— Let Women alone for taking old Occasions by the topping.

Fickle. Beat Witness, Gentlemen——— Madam, you have that i'th bottom of your Bag would make an Emperor proud of accepting.

Eugen. Then name it, Sir, once more 'tis yours.

Fickle. Why 'tis your self; your Love I ask, for all———

Eugen. 'Lais, Sir, my Heart's too full of Grief to harbour the least Thought of Love; a grateful Acknowledgement is the little All I'm Mistress of; 'tis yours, if you think it worth the receiving. [*Weeping.*

Wild. aside.] Excellent Jade! How she drills him!

Fickle, whispering.] Nay, don't cry, Sugar-Candy, don't cry; trust me, you'll make me do so too. Chear up, Honey, I'll be thy Father, and Mother, and Sister, and Brother, and all thy good Friends.

Wild, aside.] Now for me (*to* Eugen.) Come, Cousin, you are mine by your dead Father's Will committed to my Care; speak, Is your Heart engag'd?

Eug. pointing to Fickle.] Alas! 'twas free, till first I saw those Eyes.

Fickle, staring.] Hum, hum.

Wild. Then thus I give you to your Wishes, so you consent.

Eug. Witness these Blushes, let them supply my Speech.

Fickle. Make room, make place, by your Leave there, Gentlemen, that I may receive my Princess as I ought, (*kneeling.*) Thus, as your Prentice, I pay my Respects unto your Beauty.

Eug. raising him.] Then rise, my Lord, my Master, and my Husband.

Fickle. Madam, you'll kill me with Kindness, as the Song says in the new

Opera: Ay, do if you can; why, I'm happier than the Pope in the midſt of his Seraglio.

Let. The Turk, Sir, the Turk.

Fickle. The Pope, Mrs. Pert; the Pope, I ſay: Turk or Pope, pray where's the difference, ha?

Let. Nay, Sir, I confeſs you are the better Hiſtorian, *Holinſhead*, *Stow*, and *Baker*, were Fools to you, I believe.

Fickle. Yes that they were, Mrs. Hammerſhine, Mrs. Puſpaws; find me out e'er a Stower that ever ſtow'd, e'er a Baker that ever eat, or e'er a Brewer that ever had the firſt ſup of ſo dainty a Firkin as this is. *To Mr.* Wildman.] I beg your Pardon; but this ſame Madam Kicke-te-ſcratch there, with her *Bakers*, and *Stowers*, and *Hollingſheads*, and the Devil and all, has put me ſo beſides my ſelf, that I forgot the beſt of my Friends. Pray, Sir, ſtudy how I may requite you.

Wild. pointing to Let.] There's one, Sir, would over-rate the Service, if——

Fickle. If what, Sir? If what? Sure I'm Maſter of my own. Come, Mrs. Nimble-toes, no ſhall I? ſhall I? This, or none. I've heard of your Pranks, you ſee. If I were not in good Company, I ſhould—— ay, that I ſhould. Come, come.

Let. aſide to Wild.] Forbear, or, as I live, I'll diſcover all.

Wild. Sir, your Good Will I eſteem as a perfect Proof of your Affection; hers by after-Services I ſhall endeavour to deſerve, if poſſible.

Fickle. Nay, Sir, if you're for Conſideration, pray take your own time. *To Eugen.*] Come, Pruine Eyes, let's not interrupt their Loves, nor our own. *To Let.*] And do you hear, Mrs. Fly-at-all, 'ware worrying, or I'll muſle, chain, and to Kennel with you, I will. Come, my Sugar-Plumb, my Mackaroon, come along. [*Exit.* Fickle, Eugen.

Wild. Now, fair *Letitia*, what is't yet remains?

Let. Only to take your Labour for your Pains.——— Ha, ha, ha; what, a rhiming again? I gad, I hate that worſe than your Contrivance, for that was pretty tollerably carried on for a Beginner.

Hon. What Contrivance, Siſter? what was't?

Let. Why———

Wild. aſide.] All will out. Now ſhall I, 'ſpight of my Modeſty, have my good Qualities laid open before my Face.

Hon. But what was't, good Siſter?

Let. Why, only to make a ſmall Swop of———

Wild. aſide.] Ah! it's a coming. *To them.*] Ladies, I beg Pardon for the Abruptneſs of my Departure; but, Buſineſs, Madam, Buſineſs.

Let. Nay, pray, Sir.

Wild. Nay, Good Madam.

Let. catching him.] Nay, pray, good, dear, plotting, contriving, bantring, wenching Sir, hear but your Indictment, Sentence ſhall immediately paſs, and then you may go———

Wild. aſide.] And be hang'd, ſo I may, faith and troth; the Halter's all I have then left to truſt to: And by good Luck I've juſt Money enough left to buy one.

Let. over-hearing.] Bleſs me! how a Woman may be miſtaken.

Wild.

Wild. Mistaken Madam, what do you mean?

Let. Why, I thought you had been a Beau?

Wild. Not I, Madam, by my Faith.

Let. So I find by your Pocket, Three Half Pence! Why, I have heard of a Beau at a Nonplus for a Half Penny worth of Ferretting to tie up his Breeches, till the poor Punk, at the Expence of her Garter, had recruited the Damage he had sustain'd in her Service, which he himself was not able to repair.

Hon. Come, Sister, to the Contrivance.

Let. Why, that was so small I'd almost forgot it, 'twas only to make an Exchange of his Cousin, [*looking at him*] for himself——— As for the rest, the bloody Battery he complains of was caus'd by his own Assault; he was for forcing me with him to the World in the Moon, I think, to some Seat he has lately purchas'd there, as I take it. Was it not, Sir?

Wild. Rapture, Madam, Rapture. [*Aside.*] I was most plaguily affraid of a full and true Discovery.

Hon. Nay, if you blame him for that, Sister, I must tell you now you're too cruel, I protest, had I a Heart to dispose of———

Let. As I have yet, thank my Stars; it would scarce be in his Favour. So, Sir, I beg your Pardon for the abruptness of my Departure; but Business, Sir, Business. [*Exit, laughing.*

Wild. The first Woman that ever I knew leave her Pleasure for Business. [*Exit.*

Hon. What, Pleasure! Sir, believe me, you're ill acquainted with our Sex's Passions, they'll laugh for Sorrow as well as cry for Joy.

Wild. But in her Smiles I read a grating Scorn;
Heavens! In what curs'd Minute was I born,
To be thus tortur'd with Disdain?
Malignant Planets!

Hon. Curse not your Stars, they're more auspicious to you
Than you imagine, or thine to me,
O, *Trulove*!

Wild. For Pity sake untie this Gordian Knot
That keeps my fetter'd Soul in dark Suspence:
The Virgin Bride, with eager trembling Joy
Ne'er long t'embrace the lov'd, and lovely he,
As I for some Relief to ease my Soul.

Hon. What Ease you can imagine I can give.

Wild. Oh no! your *Trulove*'s kind, *Letitia*'s coy,
Nay worse.

Hon. Nay better, Sir, if that her Love you prize.

Wild. Letitia!

Hon. Loves you, Sir, I'd almost said,
As I love *Trulove*, or as *Trulove* me;
In Tears I've heard her sigh it to her self,
And make the Simily.

Wild. Amazement seizes me! Can this be true!
Yes, it is true, for *Honoria* speaks:

But pardon, Madam, if I ask for once
What means her Shineſs, mingled with Diſdain.
Hon. She doubts 'tis Int'reſt forces your Addreſſes;
She thinks your Heart has been enſlav'd before,
And then ſhe well may fear you do not love.
Wild. Both true to Heaven and you, I both confeſs
To you, who, next that Heaven, I dare moſt truſt;
Yet may I feel there all revenging Ire,
If, this Moment that I ſpeak, my Heart's not free
From any Chains but hers,
As Infant Babes before they heard Love nam'd.
From Fate and Want, 'tis true, firſt ſprung my Love;
But by that aweful Deity I ſwear,
Her Coldneſs, by a Power well known to him,
Has ſo fomented, nay, encreas'd my Flame,
I'd rather live upon ſome Deſart Rock,
The Weeds for Food, Repentant Tears my Drink,
Her only for my All,
Than 'midſt the greateſt Luxury and Pomp
This World, this nauſeous World! can give without her.
Hon. Truſt me, your Words and Actions are ſo full
Of true Repentance, and of generous Paſſion,
That had I Tears for any but my *Trulove*,
I could ſpare ſome for you.
But go, be proſperous in your matchleſs Flame,
Matchleſs indeed to any but my *Trulove*'s;
Perſwade her you're but what y'appear to me,
You'll find her kind, or force her to be Juſt.
Wild. You, as my better Genius, I obey,
I ne'er can miſs, while that points out the way.
Hon. And may you find it, tho' I miſs my own,
Thou Mirrour of a reclaim'd repentant Lover;
Oh, *Trulove!* Could I wiſh the leaſt of Ill
To one whoſe Love ſo far ſurpaſſes mine?
Thus could I wiſh you, that I might, at leaſt,
Merit you better, or you leſs deſerve me.
Enter Trulove *obſerving.*
Oh, *Trulove! Trulove!* Charmer of my Soul!
Thou dear Diſturber of my Virgin Peace!
Thou Ever-preſent Object to my Mind!
Trulove! as conſtant
[Trulove *runs and catches her in his Arms, ſhe faints.*]
As *Honoria*'s kind.
Look up, thou drooping Cherubin! look up,
Thou nobleſt Compound of *True Love* and *Honour!*
Oh! why ſo pale? Why cloſe you up thoſe Eyes,
That cauſe my Adoration, ſooth my Love?
Hon. And may the Powers be deaf unto my Prayers,

Now

Now deaf, when most I need their piteous Help,
If I don't love you with an equal Flame,
Nay, greater, by my Soul, for it forebodes,
Should I our Ruines grant, join Want to Want,
And then you see the Products of our Loves,
The tender Sprouts of our engrafted Souls,
Nipp'd by the frozen Blasts of chilly need;
Those Flames you now think durable as mine
Would turn to Tears, your Love would pine to pity.
But yet if I, which Omen Heaven avert,
Should be reduc'd by Love to that sad State,
To see those groveling Infants on my Lap,
Making with Tears their fruitless Signs for Bread,
For want of that expiring on my Breasts,
I'd hug the darling Cause of our Destruction, [*Embracing.*
And thus sigh out my unreproaching Soul. [*On his Mouth.*

Enter Jenny.

Jen. So close! Nay, then I'm come before my cue. [*Exit.*

Tru. More than enough, thou exquisitely good!
I must desist, for fear so great a Saint
Shou'd bear within her a Prophetick Mind;
Yet, of you Heavens, that ne'er deny what's Just,
My Heart, as humbl'd as my bended Knee, [*Kneeling.*
I crave this mighty Boon:
Grant me but Means to shew this gen'rous Maid
How much I lov'd, how much my Soul ador'd,
But to requite this Seraphin of Love;
And then, as one, whose earthly Frame's too base
To rival those that twirle the spinning Spheres, [*Raving.*
I'll grudging yield to your abstruse Decrees. [*Rising abruptly.*

Hon. Your Sence seems unconnected, Actions wild;
O stem this raging Torrent of your Passion,
Call up your Reason, Srength, and Resolution,
With all those heavenly Gifts adorn your Mind:
Methinks I see through those condensed Mists,
Through this long, dismal, and afflicting Night,
A glorious Dawn that scatters all the Clouds,
And brings a welcome Day-break to our Loves.
What if kind Heaven should at the last relent?

Tru. musing.] For you it may, for me it never can.

Hon. O shield him, all ye glorious Sprights above,
Whose Divine Talents are to Know and Love;
Kindly distil into my lab'ring Soul
Such Charms, as may his wandring Sense controll;
Or by th' Omnisient Deity I must
Be base, yet still methinks I would be just.
How fare you, Sir?

Enter

Enter Jenny.

Jenny. Very well, Madam, or he ſhall be ſo ſhortly; I bring that along with me will cure all Diſtempers.

Hon. It muſt be little leſs, I aſſure you, that can excuſe this unſeaſonable Intruſion.

Jenny. O! Madam, I bring that which will attone for this or any other Crime, yet with Reſpect; I think I came moſt opportunely, for if ever Maid help'd her Miſtreſs out at a dead Lift, 'twas my ſelf; I gad, if I had not watch'd my Cue, you muſt have fell to hugging again, for the ſpeaking part was out I'm ſure.

Hon. Bleſs me! the Wench is mad.

Jenny. I muſt have been, or worſe, to have let you run on at this rate, when I had that in my Eye to reconcile the Difference.

Hon. Worſe and worſe ſtill. What Difference? or with whom?

Jenny. Why, with Mr. *Trulove*, as I take it: He doats on you, you doat on him, and yet you won't marry him, becauſe——becauſe—— I've a Notion on't in my Head, but that's ſuch a new kind of a mad Whim, that there's neither Name nor Reaſon for't. Pray, Sir, what do you call this ſame What-ye-call't?

Tru. madly.] Dim-ſighted Maid! I'll couch thy Cataract,
Rear thy Cryſtalline Eye-balls to the Skies,
Ay, there the——— Hah—— yet higher, higher yet,
Through that tranſparant water'd tabby Veil,
Juſt by the Star-embroider'd Throne of Jove,
The Strife of Honour, Gratitude, and Love. [*Soberly.*
There's the Name. Aſk the Women the Reaſon they have monopoliz'd that to Quilt Petticoats with, and 'tis Treaſon by the Laws of the Ladies for Men but to tread on Pea-hens Trains. [*Madly.*

Hon. weeping.] He raves! he raves! unpitying Powers! he raves!

Jenny, aſide.] I gad. I think ye both rave: This is the maddeſt Courtſhip I ever ſaw; I could almoſt cry my ſelf, to ſee what Fools they make of one another.

Hon. giving her Hand.] Here, take this fatal, fore'd Reſtorative.

Jenny, aſide.] Ay, right; if the Operation of that don't fetch you both to your Senſes 'fore to Morrow Morning we muſt proceed to Hellebore.

Hon. What, yet unmov'd! [Trulove *kiſſes* Honoria's *Hand.*
No, Thanks to Heaven, he mends.

Tru. weeps.] See the Diſtemper purging at his Eyes,
And the Sympathick Virtue moiſt'ning mine;
This ſure, of all Extreams, muſt be moſt ſad,
Both by Love periſh, or for Love be mad.

Jenny. There's no Occaſion for either, Madam, that I know; but one retire into the next Room, if I don't give you an Antidote 'gainſt both, may I not have the licking of the Gallipot.

Hon. Surely the Diſeaſe is catching, the Girl talks like——

Jen. Like an Apothecary, who has a Moſt Excellent *Elixir Salutis* within, I aſſure you, Madam.

Hon.

Hon. Be plain, or I shall have fresh Straw and a dark Chamber provided——— What is't you talk of———

Jenny. Why, Lands, Lordships, Pounds by Thousands: Nay, Madam, I don't dream, nor is there any Inchantment in the Case.

Hon. Defend me! My Unkle turn'd honest!

Jenny. No fear of that neither; but he's turn'd Fool, and that's as good for your Purpose. In a word, you've heard, I suppose, of an Estate left you by your Father, Sir *Roger*, your Unkle has: I'm sure Madam *Letitia* told him often enough on't.

Hon. And loud enough, that I know: But that was but Presumption, tho' violent enough, I must confess.

Jenny. Then hear the Proof:
Your Unkle, for what Reasons *Jonathan* will tell you, has committed those very Writings to his Keeping, and he has them——— as fast as I have him.

Hon. Propitious Heavens! How can this be true?

Jenny. Bless me! Madam, go in and see; there's Mr. *Wildman* capitulating with him, he stands upon some small Consideration, 'twill make the Gift more valid, as he says.
Lord! how my Heart leaps to see this happy Hour!

Hon. Your Heels you mean.

Jenny. Strike up, I have no Power———

Dance.

Hon. Now, my Dear *Trulove!* Heavens, at last, you see
Have heard my Sighs, and melted at my Tears———
Honoria would be proud you'd call her yours.

Tru. The Heavens are just, and I am proud to serve you.

[*Exit* Trulove.

Hon. Hah! did'st mind, *Jenny*, or am I deceiv'd,
His Strangeness and his quick Departure hence?

Jenny. For Love's sake, Madam, invent not ways to vex your self; nothing but Honour harbours in his Breast.

Hon. Nothing but Honour, say'st! Yes, Love does sure,
Or else———
But these, at best, are but superfluous Thoughts,
Or Grudgings of my late distemper'd Mind,
Which the vast Blessing of *Trulove*'s being mine
Will soon disperse:
As when some anxious Pilot, all the Day,
Toss'd by unconstant Winds, and angry Sea,
Would fain take shelter in some neighbouring Port,
And tacks, and veers, but still is made their Sport;
At last some pitying God rewards his Pains
With welcome Safety, and more welcome Gains. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE IV. *Moor-Fields.*

Wildman *and* Trulove *meeting.*

Wild. OH, Mr. *Trulove!* you're as welcome as unexpected; I've had you once or twice in view, but I never, 'fore this, could give you the Turn.

Tru. Like enough; for I've ſo cunning a Sportſman to deal with, that I am fain to croſs double, and uſe all the Subtilties I can imagine, leaſt he ſhould unearth me, and caſt me out to the Hounds. Nay lately, when (as I after heard) it was you that was coming to aſſiſt me in capitulating with that ſame Raſcal *Jonathan*, your very Tread ſtruck me into ſuch a Pannick Fear, that in a manner, *nolens volens*, I was fain to ſcamper and take to Covert——

Wild. In your Miſtreſs's Apartment, I ſuppoſe.

Tru. You may; I need make no Secret on't to you. You unharbour'd a Doe, I hear, that's like to give you ſufficient Sport without poaching in my Purlieus.

Wild. Doe, doſt call her? S'bud, hadſt but ſeen her, when inſtead of flying end-ways, with what Reſolution ſhe ſtood at bay, I gad, you'd have rather taken her for a Sangler----But I expect that ſhortly will make her gentle, if any thing can do it.

True. Fie! 'tis unmanly, I'd almoſt ſaid, diſhoneſt, to win a Lady by Compulſion.

Wild. Nay, prithee, none of thy nice Moralities, and Punctilio's of Honour. Pox on 'em, they have undone more Gentlemen than Drinking, Dicing, Drabbing, and all the other expencely Paſtime of the Town together—— Take your own Courſe, leave me to mine, it ſhall be as Honourable as Safety will permit. S'life! ſee here they come; Fortune for me this once I beſeech thee.

Enter Jonathan *with a Trunk upon his Shoulders, followed by* Letitia, Honoria, *and* Jenny.

Jon. Servant, Gentlemen. Come in, come in, Damſels, here are your Knight-Errants, (*pitches down the Trunk:*) So lie thee there, my Charge. Pray, Maſters, remember the Porter.

Wild. Tru. give Money.] Ay, ay; here, here.

Jon. aſide. Gold! by the Cap of Maintenance—— Now to you Gentlemen, for I ſuppoſe you'd be the Joint-Purchaſers, tho', now I think on't, I'd beſt expoſe 'em by way of Auction. *To* Wild.] Pray, Sir, do ſo much as give my Maſter a Call, perhaps he may have a mind to ſome of 'em.

Jenny. Come, my *Jonathan*, prithee no Delays, ſlip not the Opportunity; for the Goods, now they're once expos'd to Sale, may perhaps not ſerve my Maſter's Turn ſo well.

Jon. to Jenny.] I know that, you Jade; but I've two Ends to tantalize him, Lucre and Revenge, the two Idols of your Heathenith Sex. Well, Gentlemen, what ſay you to the Matter? ——

Let. What, unſight, unſeen?

Jon. O, Madam, there's a whole Farrow of Pigs in the Poke, fat ones, I'faith, I'll ſecure you that. Well, Sirs, ſome few Hundreds, or ſo, you may ſpare, for I would be eaſie; I'm not for extorting, not I, upon Honour.

Wild.

Wild. Hundreds! Nay, then thou'rt too reasonable, and I scorn to be outdone in that——— S'foot! now I think on't, here's the *Barbado's* Fleet safely arriv'd, I'll buy the whole Cargo at a Lump, and present thee with it; Wou'dst have any thing else?

Jon. No, no, that's enough in all Conscience; for you Sparks are large Promisers, that I know, but bad Performers, or the Women fouly bely you: But consider on't, Gentlemen, a Thousand Pound a Man will be fair on all sides.

Tru. That I'll give thee freely, for my part, if the Sale of my wretched Annuity can raise it; here's my Hand, shalt have all farther Security I can give thee.

Jon. O Lack-a-day! Sir, you're a Man of Honour——— Come, Mr. *Wildman*, what say you? Will you follow your Leader, and leave the Merchants their Goods to solder up their Cracks.

Wild. Well, if it must be so, tho' I confess——

Let. Nay, Sir, I'd have you make as cheap a Bargain as may be, especially for Goods that may stand you, possibly, but in little stead. Women, you know, are changeable.

Wild. I hope so, Madam. *Aside.*] What Bear-like Entertainment is this! a snap of Comfort, and a polt on the Pate.

Jon. to Wild.] Come, Sir, come, I'm in pain till I have discharg'd my Trust.

Let. Nay, prithee, Patience; What, give the Gentleman leave to consider a little.

Wild. That's needless, Madam; for tho' I have felt the Severity of your Disdain, yet your Honour I never call'd in question. *To* Jon.] Come, *Tru-love*'s my Security, if you question my own.

Tru. I am, I am; come, prithee, dispatch.

Wild. going to the Trunk.] No, no, I'll——

Jon. interposing.] No, no, but you shan't; fair and softly, by your Leave, Sir. Think not that a trifling Summ, which here is one will share, has induc'd me to this: Know, Sir, 'tis the Honour of the Deed, and that I'll reserve entire to my self; the Honour and Danger shall be mine, and mine alone. *(Opens the Box.)* By your Leave, Madam, let me peep into your Stomacher. *(Takes out a Paper.)* So, here a comes.

Wild. Let.] Let's see't, let's see't.

Jon. Three moments Patience, Mr. *Wildman*, and then——— Hey toss! what have we got here? *Mynheer van dunc van dunc Vanduncart*'s Bond, I think—— Pho pox! 'tis a Dutch Man's Bond, not worth a Butterom. [*Takes up another.*

Omnes. Now! now!

Jon. Three Moments Patience, Gentlemen, and then——— Hum—— *(Reads.)* A Settlement upon my Man *Jonathan* of Twenty Pounds *per Annum*, after my Decease. Griping Dog! What intended he to do with the rest? Sure he has some Correspondence in Hell, that he designs to draw Bills upon. *To* Trulove.] Faith, Sir, I see 'em on the right side of the Stile, as it happens.

Hon. Nay, prithee, no more preaching; you'll tire my Patience presently.

Tru. Come *Jonathan.*

Jon. Coming, coming, Sir. *(Tumbles the Papers.)* Oh! have I caught you? *(Stands up, ſhuts the Box, and puts his Foot out.)* Hum, hum, hum. *(Reads.)* My Brother Sir *Roger*'s Settlement upon Niece *Lettice*. Ha! Sir, is this it?

Wild. Ay, honeſt *Jonathan*, this, or nothing.

Jon. Here, Sir. *To* Letitia.] And give you Joy, Madam. *Aſide.*] And there's two; for when the Man has the Fortune, the Woman's his of Courſe. *To* Tru.] Here, Sir, here's your *Honoria*'s as cloſe as ——

Wild. Come, no more Similies, but to work; let's ſee what elſe.

Jon. Elſe! What i'th' Name of *Balzebub* would you have elſe? You'd make the Devil of a Farmer—— Crop and Gleanings too! Why, i'th' Name of Avarice, won't a Thouſand Pound *(points to* Let.*)* a Year, beſides ſo neat, tight, convenient a Pleaſure-Houſe upon it, ſerve turn? Enough, Enough——

Wild.] In all Conſcience, but only Curioſity——

Jon. Nay, I muſt confeſs that's a plaguy itching Diſtemper. But if you want a Raſp, a Rubber, or a Scratcher, *(points to* Let.*)* ſhe'll——

Omnes, preter. Wild.] Ha, ha, ha.

Wild. To th' Trunk, you Dog, and ceaſe barking, or——

Jon. Sir, I'd have you to know I am none of your barking Currs: Indeed, I do bite ſometimes; I have Teeth, Sir, as ſhall appear when you'll give me leave to employ 'em.

Wild. Sirrah! *(Going towards him,* Trulove *interpoſes.)*

Tru. Nay, prithee, make an end; for I ſee you will be the Diſturber.

Jon. Ay, ay, Sir, you ſee I love to diſtribute my Favours.

(Goes to the Trunk, and ſtumbles over it, rubbing his Shins and Noſe.) Madam *Letitia!* cry your Mercy—— Pox on't, I thought it had been her by my Noſe and Shins.

Wild. Hellhound! let me come at him. *(*Trulove *interpoſes again.)*

Omnes, preter. Wild.] Ha, ha, ha.

Tru. Sirrah, diſpatch, or I'll be gone, and leave you to his Mercy.

Jon. ſquatting down before the Trunk.] Nay, then it's time to be ſerious. *Aſide.*] I muſt diſpatch before Afternoon's Luncheon-time, or he'll have the whip hand of me, and make me languiſh till Supper.

(Jon. pulls out ſeveral Papers, flings 'em by ſlightly, while he ſings.)

And when I was a little Boy I waſh'd my Mother's Diſhes,
I put my Fingers in the Pail, and pull'd out little Fiſhes.

(Pulling and heaving.) Ho, up, Maſs. This ſhould be a ſwinger by the weight and gills. *(Pulls out a Parchment, with Labels.)* If this been't a Deed of weight, the Devil's in't. Oh—— *(Reads.)* Securities for the Thouſand Pound left by my Brother Sir *Roger* to—*(Overturns the Trunk.)* Here, take 'em among you, for I've neither Encouragement nor Patience to ſtay any longer. Oons, here's Money enough to redeem the City Charter—— Save ye, Gentlemen; and pray remember the Civility-Money.

(As he is going out, enters Lurcher, *who over-runs him almoſt.)*

S'bud, you blind Mill-Horſe, can't you ſee where you ſtumble?

Lurcher. Make off, Gentlemen, and Ladies, all of you; here's Sir *Fickle* coming this way, and in a damn'd bad Humour, I can tell you ſo much.

Jon. Nay, then, all Friends, come all Hands aloft.

(They put in all the Papers, except one left on the Stage, Jon. *takes the Trunk.)*

Away

Away, away there, here a comes, and in a plaguy Chafe I'll warrant him, or elſe he wears no Socks to Day, I ſmell that already. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Sir Fickle *Solus.*

Fickle. Well, now Sir *Fickle* you're like to be fitted with a young, briſk, gallant Lady——— Marry ſend you good Luck, for 'tis a ſhrewd Undertaking for one of your Years and Conſtitution; and let me tell you ſo much, Sir, there are many in better Circumſtances than your ſelf that would be plaguily afraid of ſore Eyes for all their Golden Thumb-Rings. Well, Look afore you leap, And what's done can't be recover'd, are Proverbial Saws as old as *Alderſgate*, therefore, methinks, 'twere worth Time to conſider——— Hum! She's young, I (*Coughing.*) o-o-old as her Grannum: She's briſk, ay, pox! briſk enough, enough, and too much for me. Then for her Gallantry, the Girl, I perceive, is pretty well inclin'd; and, for all her Country Breeding, would make ſhift, in a very reaſonable time, to reduce the *Eaſt-India* Stock into a Pedlar's Pack. Hum, methinks our two Qualities agree like Dogs-Turd and Honey; and I ſhould be moſt plaguily deceiv'd, if, inſtead of a Lenitive for the Spleen, I ſhould meet with a Cauſtick for a ſore Throat. Well, I'll to Council; two Heads are better than one, as Neighbour *Wrangle* ſays, and all the City acknowledge him for the Pro-po-potatripes, I think they call him, of Learning and Sence. Well, I'll to *Graves*'s, this is the Hour of Audience; if I can but meet with him in the Humour of talking Sence in Engliſh, he'll diſpatch me in as few Words as a Lawyer his Client that comes to him in *Forma Pauperis.* [*Exit.*

SCENE *Changes.*

Enter Wrangle, Soberſides, Fickle *aloof off.*

Wrangle. Fool! Blockhead! Incomprehenſible Dolt! Thou Ox in an Aſs's Skin!

Fickle. Oh here he is, and Neighbour *Soberſides* too! piping hot from the Coffee-Houſe, I'll warrant 'em, by the profoundneſs of their Talk.

Wrangle. Get you gone to School again, and learn the Meaning of the Word Ratification before you pretend to diſpute the Legality or Eſſential Formality, requiſite to the Conſtitution thereof; for I tell you once more, thou impertinent Head-piece, *Ignoratis terminis, Ignoratur & ars!*

Fickle, aſide.] Oh, I underſtand this a little. *To* Wrangle.] Ay, ay, Sir, ſo he is an ignorant termegant Aſs, to pretend to argue with you that can read, write, and Latin——— But I come, Sir, to adviſe with, not to diſpute, your Wiſdom.

Wrangle. Dilate energically, conciſely, and uninægmatically. *To* Soberſides.] Oph.

Fickle. Sir——— *Aſide.*] Pox! now his Learning has got the upper-hand of his Sence, there will be no underſtanding of his cramp Language for Men of my Capacity——— Sir, I did not underſtand———

Wrangle. Oh ye pellucid Stars! whoſe Influences are ſubſervient to Sapience, deconglommerate me from theſe unzodiacal, uncerebrated, circumambient Gemini.

Fickle. Nay, an he be got up to the Stars already, O Gemini too fay I—— Save you, Sir, and pray give me notice of the next Thunder, I have a Stock of Beer in my Celler. [*As he is going out*, Wrangle *ſiezes him.*

Wrangle. Arreſt! (Fickle *ſtarts.*) I will deſcend, the Gods themſelves have deign'd to cope with Mortals.

Fickle. With Grocers, Sir!

Wrangle. With their Inferiors far, with Milkmaids! *Europa* was one, *Jove* courted her in the Shape of a Bull, and had Iſſue by her, a Proginy of Cuckolds, autockthonical, aboriginal, demi-deify'd Cuckolds.

O Felices nimium ſi ſua bona norint!

Fickle. aſide.] A pretty Account, Faith, of the Riſe of Cuckoldom, a Bull, and a Milk-maid! Doubtleſs hence come the Proverb of ſucking a Bull—— But, Sir, be pleas'd to hear my Sence of——

Wrangle. Sir, I tell you both Sence or no Sence, Ratification is an Overt Subſequent Act to a Precedent Covert Tranſaction.

Fickle. Overt! Covert! Precedent! and Subſequent! What Trade do theſe Terms of Art belong to? What a Devil, do you banter? Or are you a conjuring?

Wrangle. I'll be plain: For Example, I owe you a Grudge; that's a Covert, or Secret Tranſaction in my Mind.

Fickle. Good.

Wrangle. Then (*Kicks and cuffs him.*) This is an Open, Publick, or Overt Act or Declaration thereof—— Now I hope you underſtand this is demonſtrative.

Fickle. O moſt ſenſibly, Sir. *Aſide.*] Pox on him! I could give him a Suit of Second Mourning too, as *Wildman* ſays, for Example's ſake, but that he's ſuch a Royſter.

Wrang. to Soberſ.] And you, I hope, have your Intellectuals meliorated when this—— (*Points to* Fickle.)

Fick. making to him.] This, what, Sir? This, what? I'd have you to know I'm in as fair a way both to a Chain and a Clog as——

Wrang. But I loſe time 'mongſt a Brace of Owls.

Fickle. Owls! Pox, Owls! Owls in your Throat, Sir; Owls in your Belly, Sir; Owls in your—— Pantiples, Sir. Pox! if hard Words, dry Blows, and Affronts, be all the Counſel I muſt expect, *Exit* my Riddle-me-ree, *Exit.* (*Turning him out.*)

Wrangle. (*Fickle at the ſame time.*) Then will I leave you, as I found you, obfuſcated by Poetick Dulneſs and Palpable Calliginoſity.

Fickle. Bur-r-r, Buz-z-z, *Gingiber & Lacer Cicer Pepper atque Papaver.* (*Turns him out.*) Owls! Pox, Owls! I don't know but I may be as good a Scholar as himſelf. Pox! I begin to——

Re-enter Wrangle.

Wrangle. And Cimerian Tenebroſity.

Fickle. Hey! here again with his Tenebroſity? Hey, Noun, (*Runs to him.*) Pronoun, Prepoſition, Conjunction, Participle, Interjection; *Hæc aquila*, an Owl, both he and ſhe. (*Like an Owl runs at him.*) Or-ro-o-o-o-o-o—— (*Looking after him.*) Huzza! Victoria! So, 'tis but a little Reſolution, and theſe Roarers are ſoon tam'd. (*Spying* Soberſides.) O, Sir, cry your Mercy.

This ſame paſſionate Puppy has ſo what-ye-call't my Intellectuals, I proteſt, I over-look'd you.

Soberſ. gravely.] That might be, Sir.

Fickle. mocking.] So it might, I vow, Sir. Now ſhall I be as much plagu'd with this Fellow's formal Preciſeneſs, as I was with the t'other's bluſtering Bombaſt—— Deliver me but from this Piece of ſtiffn'd Tiffany, and if ever I go to Counſel to a Citizen again, may he take my Noſe and Ears for his Fee. *To* Soberſ.] But, Sir.

Sob. formally.] Sir.

Fickle. Why, Sir, what I intended to have diſcours'd this ſame taſty, old, poſitive Puppy about, was Matrimony; I'm a going to be married to a briſk, young Country Virgin, her Fortune, it's true, is but ſmall, but my Inclinations are great; you know me, let me know your Opinion.

Sob. That I believe I ſhall give you; but firſt, by way of Advice, reprehend not that Poſitiveneſs in another, whereof you ſeem to be ſo well provided; for you ſeem poſitively to affirm that you are going to be married, which, if you conſider the Mutability of ſublunary things, I eſteem that you might with more Modeſty ſay, that you conceive, or think, judge, or ſuppoſe your ſelf upon the Matrimonial Point.

Fickle. The Man's in the right on't there; for we're fartheſt off ſometimes, when we think our ſelves neareſt to the Blank: And I remember, Neighbour *Horner* going once to view a She-Tenement he was about purchaſing, found a Copy-holder making forcible Entry into the capital Meſſuage of the Mannor, and ſo flew off; and Reaſon good, was it not, Sir?

Sob. Not unlikely——— Then, Sir, as for her Briſkneſs, it may poſſibly be Levity; her Youth artificial, and her Vertue and Virginity as ſlender as her Fortune.

Fickle, angrily.] How, Sir! No Vertue! No Virginity!

Sob. Poſſibly none; for I am of the Sect of the Scepticks, I think, I affirm nothing.

Fickle. But I am not, and do poſitively ſay that Man's a Villain that dare call her Honour in queſtion; therefore, Sir Dubious, pick up your Awls, or, now my Hand's in, I can promiſe you no better Entertainment than your Deconglomerating Predeceſſor; th' Example's freſh, my Paſſion riſes; therefore once more walk off, or I ſhall Overtly ratifie upon your Morrion.

Sob. Fortune I contemn, Examples I defie, and will maintain my Opinion, ſpight of Paſſion or Ratification.

Fickle. Nay, Pox, if you begin to be poſitive, walk, walk, my Philoſopher.

(As he turns him out.) *Sob.* I'll have Satisfaction for this Affront done to my Perſon and Opinion; I'll be reveng'd, look to it.

(Fickle *thruſts him out.*)

Fickle. No, no, you only conceive, think, ſuppoſe, or believe ſo: Ha, ha, what a pair of *Iſſaker's* Aſſes have I turn'd out to Graſs! That Men ſhould be ſuch Fools, as to believe that a hard Word, or myſterial Nod, ſhould be the only Ingredients to the making up of a wiſe Man! Tho', I muſt confeſs, this ſame Scipſtick Philoſopher has put twenty Cunnundrums into my Head. Well, Time will clear all; therefore Patience, ſay I.

Enter Wildman, *pulling in* Eugenia.

Eug. Nay, prithee, *Wildman*, whither wou'd you draw me? Come, you'll ne'er forget your old Tricks.

Fickle. Ha, old Tricks! and ſo familiar——— I'll retire, this Spark may inform me better than Old Sir Grandſire Grey-beard, with his Scythe and Hour-Glaſs.

Wild. No, never fear, I've had enough of that ſame hoity-toity Buſineſs; I come to read you a far different Leſſon, for you have been plaguily out of late; and for all your Philoſopher's Stone you brag of, *Lettice* has diſcover'd you to be but of baſe Allay: I gad, ſhould the Old Man diſcover the Counterfeit, you may e'n ſhift for your ſelf; I have done my part every way, if you ſpoil all, your Ruine be upon you; I waſh my Hands of it and you: My Mind's chang'd with my Fortune, and I'm reſolv'd hereafter to feed upon one Diſh; 'tis wholſomeſt, you know.

Fickle, aſide. A good Beginning, truly! Where will this end, trow?

Eug. For that matter, as you pleaſe; I believe you may find Employment enough at Home. If my Cornuted Cully to be has too much, if his kind Neighbour will but lend him a hand, they'll find me both Reaſonable and Civil.

Fickle. A very civil Reſolution indeed! Oh, my Head! My Horns are cutting already.

Wild. That as you can agree, mean while be more circumſpect; when you have ſpring'd the Woodcock, why then cook him to your Palate; he's ready plum'd to your Hand, ſo much I can aſſure you.

Eug. Plum'd! What mean you?

Fickle. Ay, that, that, my Heart miſgives me moſt confoundedly.

Wild. No Queſtions, for Safety ſake. Women ought to be truſted with Secrets, as Mad Folks with Daggers; you may give 'em the Scabbard to pleaſe 'em, but be ſure to keep the Weapon cloſe and faſt. *(Treads upon a Paper.)* So, what have we here? Some Grocer's Bill, I'll warrant ir. *(Takes it up, and looks on it.)* No, Faith, 'tis *Vanduncart*'s Bond.

Fickle. Oh, Oh.

Wild. Left out for haſt, in the laſt Surprize; I wiſh there he no more: For tho' I'm pretty ſure of my Point, yet things are not yet ripe enough for a Diſcovery. Let's ſee. *(Looking about, ſpies Sir* Fickle, *who makes up to him.)*

Fickle. Hem, hem; yours, Sir, yours.

Wild. Oh, Sir, you're a diligent Courtier. Indeed, were you not a true-bred Engliſhman; one would take this for *Italian* Jealouſie, but 'tis too ſoon for that Man, ha?

Fickle. Why, truly, Sir, I am ſomewhat of a different Opinion, as a Man may ſay; I think it is rather of the lateſt; for———

Wild. Right too; for when things are ſo far advanc'd, Jealouſie's as unſeaſonable as a Song or Dance brought in Head and Shoulders, to lengthen out or ſet off a ſcanty-witted Bear-Play.

Fickle. Gently, gently, Sir; not ſo neither. My Farce is but a Rehearſing, and I find it ſo far below my Expectation, I'm afraid to venture it on the Theatre, for fear of being hiſs'd off the Stage.

Wild. aſide.] The Devil's in him, ſure——— Sir, you're myſterious; pray, be plain.

Fickle. Why then moſt plainly thus: My Love, Thanks to my Years, has been ſo moderate as to leave me ſome few of my Senſes, with which I have conſider'd, that at the beſt 'tis but Folly, but in old Men meer Dotage. I find all other Paſſions encreaſing, this only dwindl'd to nothing, which makes me judge my ſelf unfit for a Lady of her Qualities. Theſe, and ſome other private ones, have abated the Violence of my Frenſie, and inſpir'd into me the Reſolution of gaining in *Statu quo*, as a Man may ſay, till I ſee better Reaſons for a Change——— Now I hope you're both ſatisfy'd.

Eug. weeping.] Oh my Heart!

Fickle. aſide. Oh my Head a!

Wild. Satisfy'd! No, but I will expect it
For all th'Affronts you've put upon my Couſin,
Poor tho' in Fortune, yet in Vertue rich;
For all thoſe Tears, thou ſtony-hearted Beaſt!
Your Barbarity now cauſes her to ſhed.
Her Preſence now protects you from my Rage.
But ſet a better Price on Innocence,
Or Fell Revenge ſhall follow you with ſpeed.
Come, Couſin. [*Exeunt.* Fickle *manet.*

Fickle. Ay, ay, I'll prevent that; I'll ſwear the Peace againſt him: Firſt, for endeavouring to top his Whore upon me; and then for threatning to Fell me. If I don't, believe her honeſt. Many a Man has cut a Caper, and never come down alive again, for leſs than this, that's certain. I'll trounce the ſly Dog; I'll bind him to his good Behaviour, I will a——— O plague of the Devil! now I talk of binding, the Bond! the Bond! how come that there? I'm ſure it was in the Trunk I entruſted *Jonathan* with. I gad, if he gets the reſt, I'm like to be hamper'd my ſelf. By *Cheapſide* Conduit, I'm running mad; Horn-mad, by *Bedlam* Weather-cock. But Neceſſity has no Law. I muſt ſecure my Youngſter and my ſelf, and take the beſt Order for the reſt the little Brains I have will permit;

And if I fruſtrate all their poiſonous Arts,
Why then Sir *Fickle* is a Man of Parts.

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT

ACT V.

Trulove *and* Wildman *meeting.*

Tru. ONce more well met, I've been getting the Writings. Oh! I see you're likewise in Possession, you have lost no more time then my self.

Wild. Not a minute. Delays in these Cases are as dangerous as Diligence necessary. Had I not been assiduous, the Rogue might have relaps'd into Villany, and been true to his Trust—— But now for my Spouse to be, methinks I would soon put an end to this same Affair; for I shall ne'er think her secure till I have her in the Lash of Matrimony; besides, Faith, I long to give the poor Rogue some hearty Proof of my Affection.

Tru. Somewhat too I have resolv'd, which makes me uneasie till it be put in Execution.

Wild. How, you!—— Why, you have been so long us'd to dance Attendance, I dare have sworn you'd have serv'd your full time, without repining, to have been made Free of the Corporation.

Tru. You're wide, Sir, you're wide.

Wild. Or rather short, I believe; for you Archers of the Honourable Confraternity of blind *Cupid*, have such damn'd long marks, that we poor Bow-men can't reach within a Score of your Butts———

Wild. Troth, like enough.

But here comes my Snow-ball rouling to way. Wou'd to Chance she'd pick me up in her Passage, I'd thaw her with a Vengence, or she should freeze me to her.

Enter Letitia.

Let. Your Servant, Gentlemen, how is't with ye since the last Surprize?

Wild. aside.] Gentlemen, sure I'm deaf, or she's dim-sighted.

To Let.] As with a hungry Guest, when Dinner's on the Table, that curses the grateless Chaplain for being out of the way, Madam.

Let. O! Sir, 'tis but a short Collation of cold Meat; and there needs not so much Ceremony for that.

Wild. aside.] I know that, if I had but the Courage to fall on; but there's such a damn'd many little Bones in the Pye, I'm affraid of being choak'd.

Let. over-hearing.] Therefore chew well before you swallow for good and all, Sir; Ha, ha, ha.

Wild. Chew, what, Madam? Oons! I'm none of your Camelions, to feed upon the Cud of a Wind-cholick Air.

Let. But, by way of Pastime, you might stand a little, and bite on the Bitt——

Wild. Like a Horse, and break my Teeth like an Ass—— Consolation and Preferment in abundance! Trepan my Pericranium—— Madam, since you have no other Employment for me, than as a Post to fix your Jests on, I think I may, without Incivility, make bold to retire.

Let. Bless me, Sir, why so hasty? Why, this is Volunteer-like; serve till you're on the Point of Promotion, and then quit your Post.

Wild. That, Madam, you can't blame me for, since the Fatigues I've undergone have disabled me for further Service.

Let. Nay, then indeed I must look out for a fresh Man; yet, through Compassion, I'll not quite cast you off, but keep you by me. Let's see, *(opens his Mouth,)* ay, in quality of a Nut-cracker; Your Teeth are sound enough yet, I see, if your Breath be but sweet.

Wild. Oons, a Nut-cracker! what do you take me for a Monkey, Madam?

Let. What, still complain! Why, I've known many a Woman has put her Husband to a far worse Employment.

Wild. Well, Madam, since you're in the vein, pray please your Fancy entirely; I have done.

Let. And I, for this Bout.

Wild. aside.] I shall prevent the next.

Let. to Tru.] How, Sir, Pensive! when your Happiness is so nigh. Sure, your overfasting has spoil'd your Stomach; if so, I'll give you a Cordial shall retrieve it——— Here, *(Enter Singer)* sing the Song my Sister made t'other Day.

SONG.

(1.)

HOpe, thou Friend to the Distressed,
Kind Reviver of the Mind,
None that Hopes, can be oppressed:
Tho' Fortune frowns, thou'rt ever kind.

(2.)

Hope, thou sov'reign Ease to Grief,
Bless'd Encreaser of our Joy,
Thou shouldst have Proof, thou best Relief,
'Gainst what would my Love destroy.

(3.)

Welcome Hope, Adieu Despair,
The tott'ring Wheel at last will turn;
Tho' I languish for my Dear,
I'll not consume, but ever burn.

Twice.] Tho' I languish, *&c.*

Let. Well, Sir; this, I hope, has some Effect on you.

Tru. Medicines, Madam, are but at best cast away, where the Malady of the Patient is misapprehended.

Let. Nay, Sir, I must confess your late Symptoms have been so strange, that I cannot but guess your Distemper to be of the most unusual.

Tru. True, Madam, in the Age we live; but I have reap'd this Benefit by my Misfortune, to find the strongest Passion too weak to withstand a generous Resolution.

Let. Your Words, Sir, are as mysterious as ever, but here comes your Catholicon: If that does not work effectually, your Condition's deplorable indeed.

Enter Honoria, *who runs and embraces* Trulove.

Hon. O, my dear *Trulove!* thus let me embrace thee,

Thus let me claſp thee in my longing Arms,
(Kiſſing.) And thus cement our Hands, Lips, Hearts, together.
Pardon, if Love o'ercome my Modeſty;
For now I count you as my better Part.
Tru. Look down, ye Powers, and view this matchleſs Love.
Steal my faint Heart, direct my trembling Hand,
Aſſiſt my fault'ring Tongue, grant Strength of Mind
To act that which you only could inſpire.
(Gives the Papers to Hon.*)*
With theſe take back your Vows, and with them mine,
May you be happier in a nobler He,
As far 'bove me, as is your Love and Honour:
Nay, by the Pains I feel, if it might be,
I'd wiſh him ſo divine as to deſerve you.
Then when I ſee you circl'd in his Arms,
Raviſh'd with Joys, diſſolv'd in Extaſie,
I'll ſend up Vows unenvious Vows to Heaven,
To make them infinite, your Loves eternal.

Hon. What can this mean! O my Prophetick Fears?

Tru. I mean you've truſted ſuch a Stock of Love
With one ſo far unable to requite it,
That it were Baſeneſs, beyond all Excuſe,
Still to run on when ſo much is unpay'd:
I mean to teach th' admiring Powers above,
My Gratitude's as great, more gen'rous than your Love. [*Exit* Trulove.

Wild. Hum—— Why, I muſt confeſs this is ſomewhat ſurprizing. However, I ſhall rather imitate than diſcommend it—— Here, Madam, *(Gives the Papers to* Let.*)* receive your own, and with them all I can call mine. My Heart's diſingag'd, my Affection entirely yours to bragg of; more, would be but to relapſe into what you have ſo ſeverely, but juſtly, reprov'd.

Let. Nay, now you're ſerious ſomewhat may be done: But I fear'd Capitulations before Surrender; which, if they had happen'd—— But no more, hope well; you know I hear you're not indifferent to me, 'tis with Joy I own it.

Wild. This is too much—— But ſee the fair *Henaria* Bedew'd, and ſilent, as a Summer's Night.

Let. Come, cheer up, Siſter: What, *a-la-mort* Woman, whining for a loſt Lover, when you have wherewithal to buy a Score of Husbands! But three Days Patience, and on my Life you'll have more Suitors than you'll diſpatch in three Months.

Hon. No; may I live by all Mankind diſdain'd,
And die a wretched Object of Deſpair,
If ever within this Heart I entertain
A ſecond Thought for any but my *Truelove*.
What tho' to you perchance he ſeem unkind,
Yet I, that view the Treaſures of his Mind
Adore him ſtill, as from the Powers above,
Take this Correction as a Sign of Love.

Nay, by my fleeting Love-sick Soul I swear,
Should he be cold, nay farther yet severe,
The little space then doom'd me for to live,
To th' pleasing Thoughts of our past Loves I'd give:
Then, when you'd think that I forsaken lie,
You'd see my *Trulove* beg me not to die.

Let. Cold Comfort, by my departing Maidenhead, Sister, if this be all; but I hope there's warmer in store. *To* Wild.] You know, Sir, your Obligations to my Sister; I need not tell you the Occasions present, to requite them, and oblige me.

Wild. Madam, I do as well as I am acquainted with his Temper. 'Tis honourable to Obstinacy, but not perverse to Reason. So good a Cause can never want a happy Issue——— I go with Confidence of good Success to serve you. [*Exit* Wild.

Hon. Unhappy Maid! what Crimes have I committed,
Doubly to suffer by Excess of Love?
Whom shall I accuse? The Gods? Oh no,
They're Just, and *Trulove* is in Honour next 'em;
No, 'tis my Self, my Frowardness, my Pride,
Nay worse,
My black Ingratitude to so much Love,
Has forc'd this unexampl'd Judgment on me.
Yet still, methinks, I did but that which he
So lately and so strictly did pursue,
As if h' had taken Copy from my Actions;
And he's too wise, nay, too divinely good,
To act or follow ought that is amiss.
Heavens! in what a Lab'rinth am I got,
Lend me the Clew, or kindly end my Pain.

Enter Wild. *with* Tru.

Let. I hope they have heard you, look back.

Tru. kneeling.] Thus stubborn Criminals that Grace refuse,
Trembling when late the proffer'd Mercy crave:
Sure 'twas some Evil Genius led me out
From Paradice, thus to run to my Destruction.
Yet you can pardon.

Hon. raising him.] Unkind! thus to upbraid me with that Act,
That first was mine, by you but faintly trac'd;
Pardons for Crimes! You may command my Love,
If in Exchange you grant me yours, I'm blest'd.

Tru. Then, ye propitious Powers, smile kindly on us,
And yet prepare your direst, worst, Revenge,
If ought, save you, I like *Honoria* prize,
If next to you I do not her adore;
If her, whilst Life, nay, after Death, I love not
With the same Passion that now fills my Breast,
And dart it down; nay worse, be she unkind.

Wild. So much for that. Now, Madam, 'tis my turn;
If I perform it not with so much Zeal,
'Tis want of Words, not Passion, pleads Excuse.
Besides: Faith, to tell you neatly my Mind, these far-fatch'd Expressions, and new-fangl'd ways of Courtship, become a Stage far better than a Lady's Bed-Chamber.

Let. Well, that I expect not, but this you must,
If I catch you in the old Haunt, or any where else.
But——

Wild. Ay, ay, if I elope, bar me of my Thirds. I'm content, as to that Point, to reinverse the Law, and become Baron-Covert.

Let. Of your Thirds! Don't so much as expect a bare Allimony.

Wild. And, Faith, I'll say so much for my self, if we're once join'd, I shall ne'er hope for a separate Maintenance—— Come, agreed, agreed.

Let. As for the rest, I bring you a plentiful Fortune; and, as *Jonathan* says, a tite, neat, and convenient Tenement. Use me like a Gentleman, I entirely trust in you.

Wild. Come, give me your Hand——

Let. giving it.] And Heart are yours, from this Breath to my last.

Tru. So, now the Storm's blown over, Sky's serene.

Fickle. within.] Come, no more Words, but produce.

Wild. Not yet, Faith, I hear a grumbling thereaway; and I have a plaguy Opinion the Clap will fall somewhere hereabouts—— Oh, here it comes with a Vengeance. Retire *Trulove.*

[*He goes aside, and Enter* Fickle *and* Jonathan.]

Fickle. Tell me not of safe Custody, or honest Hands; mine are the safest and honestest too for my purpose. Therefore once more produce, or—— *(Spies them.)*—— Oh Niece, have you consider'd? And you, Mr. *Wildman*? I hope your Passion's over; How is't, ha?

Wild. Well, as my Wishes, but you seem somewhat troubled.

Fickle. Ay, ay, a little, not much neither. But this same Rogue, Dog, of a *Jonathan* would move a Saint—— Your Mortgage, Sir, I'll resign you up, as soon as that—— will give me leave. Swine's-Snout, be gone, and fetch it; no more grunting. [*As* Jonathan *is going out,* Trulove *whispers him; and Exit* Jon.

Wild. Sir, I shall receive it with Thanks. One more Request I must repeat; I'm sure you have too much Good Nature to deny me. *(Enter* Eug.*)* Oh! here it is, you know my Meaning, Sir.

Fickle. Oh, the Devil! she here!—— Why, Sir, and you know mine; you'll find me no Changeling, tho' you design'd me for an aboriginal Cuckold, as Neighbour *Wrangle* calls it.

Wild. Nor me so tame a Coward to put up such Affronts both to my Cousin and my self! I'll wash 'em off in thy degenerate Blood. *(Wild. draws, the Women all run out, shrieking Murder! except* Eugenia, *who interposes.*

Eug. Oh! spare my Love, or let us die together!

Fickle. Die together! No, not lie together; If ye do, it may be in *Bridewell,* or *Little-ease*——

Wild. Come, Sir, resolve to——

Fick.

Fick. Why ſo quick, Sir? If I muſt be executed, methinks you might grant me a Reprieve. Pray, Sir, conſider; were't your own Caſe, you'd not be ſo haſty.

Wild. puts up.] Nay, if Time be all you ask, take it, provided it be Reaſonable.

Fick. O, as for that matter, Sir, I only deſire juſt as much as to——— *(Running off,* Wild. *catches him.)* Murder! Murder! Jacobites! Papiſts! *(ſhrilly)* a Rape! a Rape! a Rape!

Wild. draws, and preſents.] I'll cut your bellowing Bull's Throat.

Eug. laying hold on Wild. O! hold your Hand; for if he bleeds, I die.

Fick. aſide. You Lye, you jilting Whore! you Lye.

Tru. enters, and interpoſes.] Hold, Sir! What e'er it be, it can't be brave, thus to aſſault a naked Man: If his Cauſe be Juſt, he ſhan't want one to defend it.

Fickle. Ay, ay, *(to him)* Mr. *Trulove*, he's a Rogue, if not a Coward; here I've given him my Niece, and his mortgag'd Eſtate back, and he in Recompence would ſtick me like a Pig.

Wild. Then hear me too, ſince you will needs be Judge:
This Flatt'ring Villain! For he is no better,
With Gifts, Oaths, Courtſhips, has allur'd my Couſin;
And now he finds ſhe loves, he ſlights her.

Tru. Nay, there I leave your Cauſe, 'tis ſo unjuſt,
My Life I ne'er will venture to aſſert it;
Yet, that you may not die defenceleſs,
I'll lend you this. [*Tru. proffers his Sword.*

Fick. Lend me your Sword! I'd as lieve you'd lend me a Halter. Sir, I'd have you to know I'm a good Chriſtian, and will keep the King's Peace. I fight! I'll be hang'd, nay, marry as ſoon.

Wild. Nay, then, thou Cheat! thou ignominious Knave!
Know I have found you out, and am poſſeſs'd
Of all Sir *Roger*'s Papers, and my Mortgage.

Fick. Ruin'd! undone! like a Bundle of Licoriſh.

Tru. Not all, Sir, by your Leave; I have my ſhare, and peruſing 'em over, I find an Account to be made, ſome Arrears of Intereſt, and ſo forth, you know; and look to't, for I ſhall be ſevere.

Fickle. Accounts to you! Why, what are you?

Tru. Honoria's Husband, and conſequently, as I take it, your Nephew.

Fick. Over-reach'd again! *(Aſide.)* I knew, tho' I wink'd at it, he was playing thereabouts; but now the ſharking Dog has bit to the purpoſe. Hook and Bait, I' Faith, he has clear'd me of my Tackling.

Tru. Not yet; but I think I ſhall, 'fore I've done, come in there,

Enter Lurcher *and* Jonathan, *diſguis'd, like Bailiffs.*

Now do your Offices.

Jon. Sir, I arreſt you in an Action of Account, at the Suit of Mr. *Trulove.*

Fick. Oh!

Lurch. And I, Sir, in the ſame, at the Suit of Mr. *Wildman.*

Wild. aſide.] Mine! What means this?

Fick. Rum dun done! Broke like a Barrel of Figs! For Pity's sake, hear me but a Word.

Jon. Be short, Sir, I lose time, and I've half a score of your Neighbours to arrest upon *Change*. Come, quick, Sir.

Fick. Why then, Gentlemen, I acknowledge my self a Villain to my Nieces, and not much better to Madam *Eugenia*: You have made your self in part, Satisfaction; but a little Patience, I'll endeavour to compleat it. Here, Honey, Honey; Why, *Lettice? Lettice?* *To* Lurch.] Pray, give 'em a Call. (*Exit* Lurcher.) Mean while I take this Lady to my Wife; if she can forget my Ingratitude, it will be some Comfort in my Misfortunes to say, I was once Just in my Life.

Eug. And to me to share in 'em as I have done in your Prosperity. This, Sir, I hope, will convince you that I love. *Aside.*] Better half a Loaf, than no Bread.

Fickle. I believe it, my Cinnamon-stick, tho' my Seeing and Hearing would be so impertinent as to convince me to the contrary.

Wild. Oh, Sir, in matters of Faith and Love, we ought never to trust too much to the Senses. Curiosity and Jealousie are good for nothing but to promote Herisie and Cuckoldom.

Fickle. Then, Sir, let the Simplicity of my Belief shew the vehemency of my Affection. Come, my All-spice, come. *Takes* Eugen. *aside.*] If she be'n't as chaste as her Neighbours, she must feed upon *Cantharides*, and spend her Pin-money in Chocolate. [*Aside.*

Enter Lurcher, *with* Hon. *and* Letitia.

Wild. And my Liberality be the mark of my Affection: In Consideration of your Complaisance, and of *Eugenia*'s Fortune, I freely forgive what Accompts may be between us; you shall have a Release upon Demand, so my *Letitia* consent.

Let. With Pleasure, Sir; and not only that, but I'll join with my Sister to mollifie *Trulove*.

Tru. Your Entreaties, Ladies, would be needless; his Consent is all I shall desire in Requital.

Fickle. Sir, you have it as freely as I can give it.

Jon. aside.] And there's Four: What bloody Doings will there be to Night!

Fickle. So this is pretty well, if it were not for those Rogues the Bayliffs, that will blaze all about.

Lurch. Who? Sir? *Fickle.* Yes, you, Sir.

Lurch. Not I, Sir. *Jon.* Nor I, Sir.

Lurch. unmasking.] You lie, Sir.

Jon. the same.] Nor I, Sir; by the Skie, Sir; let me die, Sir, if I lie, Sir: Why, Sir, I am no Mag-pye, Sir.

Omnes praeter Tru.] *Jonathan* and *Lurcher*!

Tru. The same; I fearing Mr. *Wildman* would have been in earnest, took this Course, both to surprize you agreeably, and prevent further mischief.

Wild. Nay, I must confess your Fate would have been somewhat severe, had you not been reasonable—— But I'm glad all's ended so fairly. As for them, a small Spell will stop their Mouths, I don't doubt: Or at worst, 'tis no stranger a thing for a Citizen to be a Cheat than a Cuckold.

Fick.

Fick. aside.] Gibing!

Jon. Ay, ay, Sir, Forgiveness and the Twenty Pound a Year, is all I ask; you shall find me hereafter so faithful to deserve it—— But as for this slip, I protest, Sir, what with Over-care and Over-fasting, Idea's of Stocks, Pillories, Whipping-posts, and Qualms of Conscience, I was so tormented in the Spirit, that it run me almost mad. Blanch me like an Almond, Sir, if I remember any thing of the matter, but the Twenty Pound a Year aforesaid.

Wild. And the Civility-Money, *Jonathan.*

Jon. Sir, I have been told since, that I rav'd mightily of the *Barbadoes* Fleet, and Bird in Hand.

Omnes præter Fick.] Ha, ha, ha.

Fickle. Well, Friends of all sides, I have yet Ten Thousand Pound left me, out of which I'll allow you as I had determin'd, and put thee in present Possession. Hang Dirt, I was almost choak'd with it, and now I'm eas'd, methinks I'm as brisk as——

Jon. aside.] Bottle-All, all Froth and Settlings.

Wild. We shall see that presently; I'll put your Agility to the Test for once. Strike up there.

Jon. Nay, pray Gentlemen, not so hasty, I want a Companion: I'll out and lure her, she'll come to Fist in a trice, and there will be no sport till I come, as the Man said when he was going to be hang'd.

Tru. That's but reasonable, th' hast been so instrumental in the last Comedy, 'twere Ingratitude to leave thee out, now its come to a Conclusion.

Jon. to Lurch.] And prithee do you in and hasten Supper: I ne'er cou'd work well on an empty Stomach. [*Exeunt* Jon. Lurcher, *severally.*

Tru. Mean time, if you please, I'll entertain you with a Song I lately compos'd, which is both instructive, and suitable to this present occasion. Here [*Enter two Musicians*] here, sing this.

Fickle. By all means come; one Hawk, two Hums, and start fair.

[*Whilst the Song is a Singing, Enter* Jon. *and* Jenny.]

A SONG.

To be Sung betwixt a Man and a Woman.

Man. *WHY so cruel to your Lover?*
Oh, the hidden Cause declare!
Wom. *'Twou'd be more cruel to discover*
What must bring you to Dispair
Men, like Salvage Beast's, Love ranging,
Here to day, and there at night;
All our Fears are in your changing
That your darling chief Delight
Ambo. All our Fears, *&c.*
Man. *But so fresh a blooming Pasture*
Me for ever will enclose;
You need fear no such Disaster
When I change, I'm sure to lose.

He for ever will be kind,
Who in Love his profit finds.
Ambo. He for ever, &c.
Wom. *But when Envious Age at last*
Has made all my Beauties bare
Then, like Land, that lies at wast,
You'll not judge me worth your Care.
No man thinks that worth his Pains,
Where's all Labour and no Gains.
Ambo. No man thinks, &c.
Man. *To convince you I'll be kind,*
I love where Time has no Controul,
'Tis the Beauty of your Mind
That has Charm'd my doating Soul:
As frail Beauty does decline,
Worth and Virtue briter shine.
Ambo. As frail Beauty, &c.

Fickle. Come, once more all Friends; and to shew you how light what is past lies on my Heart, we'll have a Dance, and then——

Jon. aside.] *Et cætera.* To Fick.] Shud, Sir, what do you mean! Let's Sup cross the Water, and Consummate, or we shall set your Prentices so agog, they'll go out in a Party, and plunder all they meet, or run away from their Aprons, and forfeit their Indentures.

A Dance.

Tru. Brishly perform'd! Honest Sir *Fickle*, Igad, thou'rt twenty Years younger than thou was't an Hour ago. Ah! this same Honesty is Soveraign Geer! 'Tis the Best Hearts-Ease in Nature.

Fickle. True.

Tru. Then let those that gluttle with their Store,
Strain'd from the Tears of Orphan's Blood o'th' Poor,
Suck on, and Leeches like, when over cramm'd——

Fickle. Crack in this World, and in the next be damn'd.

Tru. And those that would be just, may Learn by thee,
That Honesty's the surest Policy

F I N I S.